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Anti-Semitism in American Literature

By Charles I. Glicksberg

AMERICAN literature has not only been an integral part of the native democratic tradition; it has also helped to create and perpetuate that tradition. Not until late in the nineteenth century do we come across occasional instances of hostility toward the Jew, and not until the twentieth century does this literary anti-Semitism become articulate. Though Know-Nothingism spent its fury against Catholicism, it was a short-lived outbreak of collective madness. The nineteenth century was on the whole individualistic, full of initiative and enterprise, eager to welcome the foreign immigrant if he could prove his worth as a laborer. The emergence of a Lawrence Dennis with his insidious gospel of a coming American Fascism would then have been unthinkable; his movement would have been condemned as an abomination, a rank perversion of the democratic faith, a form of ideological treason. Equally inconceivable in that age of expanding freedom when the frontier drained off the restless, the ambitious, the hard-pressed, the poor, would have been the career of a notorious Fascist traitor like Ezra Pound.

It therefore excites comment when we come across literary spokesmen in America who seize upon the Jew as a scapegoat for the multiple evils now afflicting the nation. Such writers stand out prominently, like a tumor in the body politic, precisely because they run counter to the major American tradition; they are symptoms of disease rather than signs of ex-

uberant health and growth. And because they are anomalous they attract a disproportionate share of attention, to the exclusion of more representative writers. The anti-Semitic fulminations of a Henry Adams throw a revealing light on his personality, though, to do him full justice, the work he published during his lifetime was free from these bilious outbursts of prejudice. In the letters addressed to his friends, however, he throws off the mask and portrays the Jew as a symbol of all that is rapacious and decadent in capitalist America. The tirades of a lyrical evangelist like Vachel Lindsay venting his paranoiac fury upon the Jews make grim reading. Even worse are the anti-Semitic attacks of Edgar Lee Masters, once a creative apostle of freedom, and T. S. Eliot who, in his *The Idea of a Christian Society*, would exclude the uprooted intellectual Jew from his proposed Christian commonwealth.

For the past hundred years or so, the United States, a nation of naturalized immigrants stood at the crossroads of the migratory movement. Between 1820 and 1930 this country attracted thirty-eight million immigrants who brought with them their own culture, language, traditions, and customs. Fortunately for American culture, these foreign influences were rapidly assimilated and changed in the process into something rich and strange. But as foreign immigration assumed the proportions of a mass movement, the more divergent foreign types, among whom the Jew was especially conspicuous, found

the process of adjustment increasingly more difficult. The Jew, it was found, was less easily assimilated than the transplanted Englishman. It was not long before the charge was preferred that Jews were clannish, "peculiar," incurably different, undesirable as prospective citizens. Moreover, they came to America under an enormous handicap, the traditional curse of anti-Semitism. If they were not, as in the Middle Ages, loaded with every burden of guilt, charged with the most fiendish crimes, they still labored under the cruel necessity of living down a vicious caricature that persisted in the face of reason and objective evidence.

Literary anti-Semitism does not rear its head until late in the nineteenth century when hordes of Jewish immigrants from Russia and Poland began their trek to America. It is an anti-Semitism still ashamed of itself, skulking and private, not organized and aggressive. There are few American authors of any repute who publicly proclaim their detestation of the Jews. Privately, however, they may cling to the age-old stereotype of the Jew as usurious, acquisitive, greedy, the "gold-bug" of a declining financially corrupt civilization, thriving in an evil atmosphere of monopolistic capitalism. Uncouth, unwashed, loud-mouthed, non-assimilable, all this alien intruder has brought to America is a talent for money-grubbing. Such animadversions were at least kept out of print. But with the closing of the frontier in 1890 and the decreasing demand for imported labor, America ceased to be the land of limitless opportunity, the haven for the destitute and the oppressed of Europe. The immigrant was no longer received hospitably and treated on more or less equal terms, especially if he was visibly different in character, appearance, and culture from the national norm. The Jews, like the Slovaks and the Jugoslavs, were treated with suspicion if not hostility. Fortunately this was a sporadic slow growth. Indeed, it is one of the enduring

glories of American literature that it was left for the most part untouched by this contagion.

The most significant writers of the nineteenth century poured out their energy in the attempt to create a truly national literature. For them America represented an ideal, the laboratory and shrine of democracy, the home of all races who has actively participated in its making. The Jew scarcely appears as a "problem" in the literature of the last century. On the contrary, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow utilized Jewish themes in his poetry and hailed the greatness of the Jewish race. James Russell Lowell looked upon the Jews as "perhaps the ablest, certainly the most tenacious race that ever lived, the race to whom we owe our religion and the purest spiritual stimulus and consolidation to be found in all literature — a race in which ability seems as natural and hereditary as the curve of their noses, and whose blood, furtively mingling with the bluest bloods in Europe, has quickened them with its own indomitable impulsion."

This quotation, taken from his "Address on Democracy" (1886), voices two conceptions concerning the Jews which were to become a virtual obsession with Lowell: their amazing power of survival in the face of unintermitted persecution and their intermarriage with Gentiles the world over. Yet even this unstinted admiration does not altogether hide a certain condescension which is not far removed from racial prejudice. He is not above taking a fling at the alleged shrewdness and bargaining power of the Jews. Though he deprecated the medieval prejudices current in England in 1878 against Lord Beaconsfield, he declares in a letter written in the same year: "Where would a Jew be among a society of primitive men without pockets, and therefore a fortiori without a hole in them?" His attitude toward the Jew was really ambivalent.

While working on Rousseau he became interested in the Jewish problem and

wondered what role the Jewish race had played in the United States. During his stay in England he repeatedly speculated about the influence of the Jews in society, till he was obsessed with the subject. He detected a Jew behind every disguise. People named for certain towns were obviously of Jewish descent; names derived from vegetables and minerals and trades and colors and animals were unmistakably Jewish. In short, according to one report, Lowell made it appear "that this insidious race had penetrated and permeated the human family more universally than any other influence except original sin. He spoke of their talent and versatility, and of the numbers who had been illustrious in literature, the learned professions, art, science, and even war, until by degrees, from being shut out of society and every honorable and desirable pursuit, they had gained the prominent positions everywhere." Though Lowell professed to admire the Jews, it is not difficult to draw anti-Semitic conclusions from his reasoning. The next step is to wonder whether the Jews did not possess more power, in proportion to their numbers, than they were properly entitled to, and then to demand a "quota" system in professional schools, and finally, to accuse them roundly of monopolizing wealth and prestige. That Lowell was himself not without prejudice is indicated by his reply to an inquiry as to what would happen once the Jews got absolute control of everything. "That," answered Lowell, "that is the question which will eventually drive me mad."

Such a reply would never have occurred to the more expansive, genuinely democratic Whitman who, from the start of his career, was hospitable toward the immigrants of the Old World. Insisting that immigration was to be encouraged, he categorically condemned the "Know-Nothing" party. In fact, the future of America was bound up with her role as an asylum for the oppressed and suffering masses of Europe.

Mark Twain, in his essay, "Concerning the Jews," written in a vein of humor that ill comports with the seriousness of the subject, also betrays an unconscious anti-Semitism. In his efforts to refute the malicious rumors that have sprung up regarding the Jews, he unwittingly confirms some of the spurious charges that have been leveled against them. He declares that he entertains no prejudice against the Jew and rightly cites as proof the fact that his books are entirely free from such a taint. For him it is enough that a man is a human being. He can't be any worse, he wryly declares. Fanaticism alone, Mark Twain feels, cannot be held responsible for the age-old persecution of the Jews. They are persecuted, he contends, because the average Christian is unable to compete successfully with them in business. Though this would seem to put the argument on an objective economic level and is apparently intended as high praise, it resurrects the stereotype of the Jew as a shrewd, enterprising, extraordinarily successful businessman. Not religious prejudice but the character of the Jew as a money-getter creates antagonism in the righteous breast of his out-distanced Christian neighbor and inspires him to commit unchristian acts.

Mark Twain has tried to be helpful, to pay tribute, to give sorely needed advice, and, were he alive today, would probably quickly repudiate an intention of discrediting the Jews. Yet he points to the fact that the Jew is essentially a foreigner wherever he may be, "and even the angels dislike a foreigner." Though like Lowell he stands astonished before the miraculous power of the Jews not only to survive but to remain energetic and successful in the struggle for existence, the sting of his remarks remains and rankles in the memory. "All things," he declares, "are mortal but the Jew; all other forces pass, but he remains. What is the secret of his immortality?"

But this unconscious ambivalence of tone, to which only a highly sensitive Jew

would take exception, is mild in comparison to the anti-Semitic intolerance that finds expression in Henry Adams' letters. His prejudice is deep-rooted, frankly hostile, contemptuous in its portrayal of the Jew as worshipper of Mammon, symbol of all that is horrible in capitalist civilization. When the panic of 1893 brought him back to America, his gorge rose at the spectacle that he beheld. The world seemed to be falling to pieces. "With a communism," Henry Adams declares, "I could exist tolerably well, for the commune is rather favorable to social considerations apart from wealth; but in a society of Jews and brokers, a world made up of maniacs wild for gold, I have no place." It was the vulgar scramble of American civilization, the crass disregard of breeding and high talent, the standardization imposed by the masses and the parvenus, which revolted him.

Henry Adams did not actually hate the Jews; he simply despised them for their sordid, practical religion of money. He seriously believed that all the wealth of the country was concentrated in the hands of Jews and that they wielded a secret sinister influence on the course of national affairs. It was they who injected a note of crude ostentation into contemporary manners; it was they who were chiefly responsible, it seems, for developing to its maximum intensity the base instinct of greed. "We are in the hands of the Jews," Henry Adams cried out. "They can do what they please with our values." And he meant it literally. Here is the measure of his confused state of mind. The god of gold is principally to blame, but a god is not a good target for scorn and anger. A scapegoat, a human scapegoat, is needed, and the Jews filled that role admirably. Hence his bitter references to the domination of the Jews. It is an obsession that rides him hard. He saw all of America shot through with the iridescence of decay, its energies centered on materialistic acquisition, materialistic success, and the Jews as a people

represented the most depraved form of materialistic success. What is this but carrying to a logical conclusion Mark Twain's thesis that the Jews as a race are feared and hated because of their superior ability to outwit and outstrip their Christian competitors.

Henry Adams' attitude towards the Jews was, strangely enough, a mixture of aristocratic contempt and ironic admiration. Though he seldom singles out individual Jews for castigation, he disliked them to such a degree that the word "Jew" was in his lexicon synonymous with all that he considered disagreeable, vulgar, and vile. Even their physical presence repelled him whenever he happened to meet them. Jews, the children not of Jehovah but of Mammon, were the highest expression of capitalist morality. Yet it is supremely ironic that in 1905 he felt that he could count only five hundred readers of his books among the American public. Few people capable of appreciating his *Chartres* book existed — "that is, barring a few Jews."

From 1890 the anti-Semitic note of irritation and alarm seems to grow more shrill and urgent. The stereotype of the Jew as unconscionable in his business dealing comes to renewed life. Even seemingly "liberal" writers are infected with the virus of anti-Jewish prejudice. Not that the hypersensitive Jew is prone to overstate the case. He can differentiate between the unflattering description of individual Jews such as appear in *The Last Puritan*, by Santayana, and *Of Time, and the River*, by Thomas Wolfe, and an attack on the race as a whole, though one attitude may, of course, logically (though not necessarily) imply the other. Still the anti-Semitic utterances of writers like Theodore Dreiser, Vachel Lindsay, and Edgar Lee Masters are enough to dispel any doubt. Dreiser was in favor of establishing a quota for Jews in the professions. Otherwise they would overrun the land and soon possess it, lock, stock, and barrel. According to Dreiser,

a Jew remains a Jew, no matter how long he has lived in a country. He is not and never will become a "pure" American — whatever that may mean. Dreiser's "facts" and the arguments he advanced have been refuted, but the psychological damage he caused by his Jew-baiting articles is not so easily repaired.

Edgar Lee Masters's attack is more subtle; it hides behind the mask of "Americanism." In his life of Vachel Lindsay, he traces the growth of that poet's anti-Semitic rage, his belief that the Jews were ruining his career and destroying the America he loved: an obsession curiously similar to the one from which Henry Adams had suffered. Lindsay was convinced that the Jews had gained absolute control over New York City. And Edgar Lee Masters subscribes to Lindsay's paranoiac hatred of the Jews. Masters, who was once the champion of freedom in the arts and in life, slanders the one race that has through the ages been the torch-bearer of the spirit. His anti-Semitism, like that of Henry Adams and Dreiser, springs from a mistaken identification of centralized financial power in the United States with the financial domination of the Jews. It is Masters' anti-capitalist, anti-industrialist, anti-imperialist animus which turned him into a rabid anti-Semite. He can write that the "motley and alien brands which have taken America cannot be America until there is an America to mould them into Americans." But where is that ideal America which Masters contemplates with retrospective nostalgia? Masters denies that America is a melting pot of races, that it transcends any single ethnic category.

The American spirit, according to Masters, is not strong enough to transform the essential character of the Jews. "On the contrary, they dominate the spirit of the old courthouse and the like. They do not understand or want it. They regard it as hostile to their regimentations. What they call the pioneers are objects of aversion to them, just because the

pioneers were of a different life from that which they can live and understand; just because the pioneers, who were agrarians, are a standing reproach to the artificialities and machinations of the cities, where they rule; and just because the spirit of the pioneers, despite its Bible culture, is an obstacle to Hebraization of America."

Observe the tissue of confused and malicious charges preferred against the Jews: they are not American, they have not been suffused with "the American spirit," they are opposed to the life of the pioneers, they are determined to thrust aside any obstacle to the Hebraization of America, whatever that may mean, and they are apostles of that industrial centralization and regimentation which Masters fears will ultimately ruin the country.

Considering the number of American writers who neither published a line hostile to the Jews nor privately entertained, so far as known, anti-Semitic feelings, the above record is not so bad as it seems. For many poets and novelists of the nineteenth century, the Jewish problem did not exist, since the country was not aware that there was one to be faced. Once the problem became acute, the writers were bound to turn their attention to it. Yet it is highly gratifying to note how many carry on the democratic traditions of a Whitman who believed ardently in the intrinsic equality and humanity of all individuals, regardless of their color or creed. How much weight can the ranting of writers like Dreiser and Lindsay and Masters carry when balanced against the all-inclusive idealism of an Emerson, the militant liberalism of novelists like Dos Passos and Hemingway and Steinbeck, the profound faith in the people of a poet like Carl Sandburg? With Christ-like simplicity Whitman had declared: "Whoever degrades another, degrades me." It is the progressive triumph of this idea, imaginatively embodied in literature, which may in time check the tainted undercurrent of racial prejudice in American literature.

Peretz: Lover of His People

By Jacob S. Minkin

A PERIOD of thirty years after a writer's death is a long enough time by which to judge the worth and value the nature and character of his work. In a much shorter time writers who were popular in their day have been forgotten, their work neglected, their books not read, their influence not remembered, their very names seldom a subject of literary allusion. They have been swept away by the changing literary styles and fashions, and names celebrated but yesterday are as though they never existed. Who, for instance, recalls today the names of Dick, Shatzkes, Linetzki, and Dinesohn, to say nothing of the many lesser lights? Mendele is still being accorded the honor that belongs to the "Grandfather of Yiddish Literature," but like most grandfathers, he is respected for his age rather than given serious attention. Sholem Aleichem is still holding his own. There is pathos and humor in his writings; he raises a laugh and coaxes forth a tear, but who would accept him as a guide and torch to the problems affecting his life?

The vogue of I. L. Peretz alone has been steadily increasing since his death, his image becoming brighter, his personality clearer, his stature taller and his influence on his readers greater with the passing years. The neglect into which so many of the Jewish writers of his generation have fallen does not apply to him. He was not a man of the moment. He has taken his niche in the pantheon of Jewish literature, and by universal consent it is a high one. Time has brought a better understanding of him than in the period in which he lived. The controversies which raged about his head are now

stilled; even before many years had passed over his grave, his literary adversaries became his greatest friends and admirers. He enjoyed the rare distinction of having become a classic even during his life, and there is little likelihood that the future will change that position.

I. L. Peretz is the greatest figure in Yiddish literature, its pioneer and architect, its creator and trail-blazer. There was nothing before his coming; the creative spirit had not yet moved over the vast darkness and said, "Let there be light." The Yiddish language was not an instrument fit for literary expression and Yiddish literature was but a hollow mockery. The vessel was not suited to the design, and as a result, the performance was crude and formless. The writers themselves were ashamed of the idiom they employed, called their language "jargon," and excused themselves for using it because, they claimed, the masses were not prepared for a more cultivated style.

An unconcealed pessimism pervaded what for want of a better term was called Yiddish literature, a depressing spectacle of talented writers wasting their time on something they themselves did not believe in. For the Yiddish language was not regarded as an end in itself, but as kind of preparation for the time when its patrons would enter the paradise of the more cultured tongues of Europe. The so-called culturally emancipated Jews of Eastern Europe spoke and wrote in either Russian or Polish, the learned and scholarly Jews remained loyal to Hebrew, the untutored masses alone clung to the Yiddish dialect. Periodicals were published and the presses turned out hundreds of

books, but they only illustrated the intellectual and spiritual sterility of both their writers and readers.

Mendele was a great artist. He not only created a great literature but fashioned its very language. He took as much pain with his words and phrases as he did with his characters. He was trained in the method of the Talmud, which demands clarity and insists on precision. He polished and refined, polished and refined again every word and expression which went into his vocabulary till they came out crystal clear. It was a daring and thankless task, for it exposed him to the ridicule of his colleagues who wrote only in Hebrew and disdainfully looked down upon Yiddish as an outcast dialect. But he clung to his determination. "Come what may," he said, "I shall take the part of the outcast Yiddish and will be of some use to my people."

There was a conflict also in the soul of Peretz, for he began as a Hebrew writer and was under the tutelage of the Haskalah. He did not make his debut as a Yiddish writer until 1888, when he was thirty-six years old; but his love, his devotion and affection remained for the Hebrew language which he regarded as the national language of the Jews. He defended his position vigorously in the *Sprachenkampf* which developed at the Yiddish Language Conference in Czernowitz, in 1908, against the combined opposition of Birnbaum, Zhitlowsky, and Nomberg, and much younger writers as Sholem Asch and Abraham Raisin. But he was already fifty-six years old, his major work was done; he had only seven years more to live, and no matter what his views with respect to the position of the Yiddish language were, his mastery of Yiddish literature could not be shaken.

I. L. Peretz was the authentic voice of Yiddish literature both in form and conception. Mendele's vocabulary glitters and glistens; he is a purist of the most exacting kind; he knew the almost infinite variety and complexities of the Yiddish

word, its every shade and color; every letter, every syllable, every word, was in its proper setting. He had an almost religious veneration for the vessel he used; words were to him a form of divinity. Talmudist that he was, he remembered that there was nothing either missing or superfluous in the Torah. Peretz, on the other hand, flouted this verbal pedantry of the master. If he took pains with what he wrote — and he did take infinite pains, revising and refining everything he published time and again — it was with its form as a whole and not with its words. Peretz, like Mendele, was a stylist; indeed, he experimented with many forms of writing before he perfected his own tool. But his style does not savor of the laboratory; there is nothing stilted or artificial about it; it is the authentic speech of the men and women who sat before his canvas.

Mendele, again, was the photographer of Jewish life, not its painter or artist. If there is artistry to his work, it is its mass of detail and faithfulness to the seen and the observable. Men in those days did not sharply distinguish between art and photography. What struck his eye was the outward, the exterior of Jewish life, its shocking poverty and lack of stability. It was the Jewish *torbe*, beggar's bag, the misery, starvation and hopelessness which he encountered everywhere and which he described with detailed accuracy. Peretz saw all that, but a great deal more. He saw the *torbe*, but he looked into and examined its contents, and what he found both dazed and dazzled him. Side by side with the crusts of bread and dry pieces of herring, he beheld the jeweled wealth of moral and spiritual splendor which filled his heart with love and admiration. While Mendele merely made a survey of Jewish life, like an inspector registering and entering everything he found, Peretz took its deeper soundings; one figured and counted, the other reflected and meditated. Mendele was concerned with the Jew's communal life, Peretz with the indi-

vidual soul of the Jew. Both loved their people with a deep and abiding ardor; but while one loved them as a teacher loves his pupils, not sparing the rod, the other loved them for their faults no less than for their qualities. There is ire for the Jews in Mendeleyev, and roguish laughter in Sholem Aleichem, there is nothing but tender love and sympathy for them in Peretz.

A writer's personality is the key to his work, the distilled essence of his being, and Peretz's personality was kindly, warm, gentle, and compassionate. He had a genius for loving people, all kinds of people, but especially the lowly, the humble, the obscure, the men and women whom life had passed by. His canvas exhibits no other figures. Their company he preferred, their intimacy he enjoyed; he knew no greater delight than to be among the downtrodden and the submerged. The tailor, the cobbler, the teamster, the seamstress, the agent, the broker, the messenger, the Jews without money, without power or hope — these form the great procession of men and women who move across his pages. Although not unsophisticated himself, he glorified the simple and unaffected Jews, the men and women who are devout without pretense, pious without sham, saints without their knowing it, the Bontshe Shweigs who live in obscurity and pass away in silence. Them he loved and of them he wrote, the world contained for him no more attractive characters.

His love of the people, the untrained and uneducated masses, led him to activities which were outside the range of his creative genius. He saw their intellectual backwardness and it filled his heart with pain and sympathy. They had warmth, but they lacked light; they had depth, but they were wanting in breadth and width; they possessed the emotional and spiritual qualities of heart and soul, but needed the wider horizons of knowledge to brighten up and illumine their narrow and circumscribed lives. He,

therefore, mapped out courses of study, organized classes, delivered lectures, and wrote popular scientific articles. It was all in line with the educational uplift program of the Haskalah, but how different was his method from that of his predecessors! They aimed to instruct the mind, he was for rousing the heart; their goal was material knowledge and worldly culture, he labored for the development and enlargement of their Jewish personality, to cultivate in them that moral and spiritual stamina which should make them proud and conscious Jews.

And the people responded to him with that love and warmth which was possessed by few other Jewish writers. An emotional bond was created between Peretz and the masses. They felt themselves closer to him than to those who came from the outside. There was a feeling of nearness and intimacy between them. His home became a kind of shrine to which hundreds came to be instructed and inspired. They felt themselves as if in the presence of a kind friend, gentle father, and wise teacher. The stories he wrote, the sketches he published, the literary magazines and periodicals containing his writings, were more than read; they were devoured and passed on from hand to hand. He became a light to his age, a beacon to his generation, a guide and inspiration to thousands who struggled, stumbled, and floundered.

It is impossible to write of Peretz without making reference to his Hassidic stories, and considering the place they occupy in his literary career and the affection in which they are held, it must be a large reference. For Peretz was the inventor and creator of the Hassidic story, its greatest master and expounder, almost himself a Hassidic Rebbe with a following of tens of thousands. The Hassidic lore knew no greater devotee, no warmer friend or enthusiastic disciple. He was at home there; more than that — he took it, loved it, made it his own, and dispensed its richness to all the world. He became a

sounding board for the inarticulate spiritual strivings of a sect heretofore obscure and ignored.

I. L. Peretz was not a Hassid himself, although there was a Hassidic strain in his family. Zamoszc was not a center of Hassidism. Its Jews were equally divided between Talmudists and the disciples of the Baal Shem. In his youth he saturated himself with the Haskalah literature where Hassidism is lampooned and ridiculed, its doctrine scorned, and its holy men held up to laughter and derision. But he had an open mind, a mind that probed the core of things instead of the superficial prejudices which obscured them. He remembered the stories he had heard, spiritual gems about good and holy men which were circulated among the people and repeated in the darkened twilight of the synagogue he attended. They impressed and moved him, and he stored them away in his colossal memory in which thousands of other things he saw and heard were stored away.

Moreover, he began to doubt the cynical, rationalistic philosophy of the Haskalah and hungered for a more satisfying creed, a creed that should heal and warm, soothe and comfort. The so-called illuminati regarded their war against Hassidism as a holy war in which every conceivable adjective of ridicule and satire was employed, whereas Peretz looked for the corroding influences that were spreading among the people in another direction. He found them in the cynicism that was disintegrating their lives, in the pessimism that was darkening their existence, in the despair and hopelessness which cast a shadow over their hearts.

Peretz did not find in Hassidism all the answers to the doubts and perplexities which beset his troubled mind. He was not a fanatic Hassid; indeed, he was no Hassid at all. He paid no tribute to any single party or program current among the Jews of his generation. He wavered and vacillated with the flow of the times as any man with an open mind should.

Sometimes he adored and worshiped, and at other times he criticised and disdained. He glorified Hassidism in "If Not Higher," and lampooned it in "The Fur Cap," where the external symbol of the doctrine is revered and idolized instead of its inward meaning. He makes Leah return to the "Golden Chain" she scorned only to find that it was all in vain, that doubt had already entered the heart of her very father, the last in a long line of Hassidic saints. He who idealized the meekness and humility, the submissiveness and the saintliness of "Bontshe Shweig" yet demanded that his people be strong and brave, energetic and courageous. He rejected religious reforms and poetized the traditional way of Jewish life, yet at the same time he castigated what he considered ossified Judaism, and wrote "The Golem," of which the moral is, that the *Golem* — the cobweb — is still here, but the *Shem* — the Ineffable Name of God — is irretrievably lost, and "The Diamond," pointing to a similar lesson.

Nevertheless, he found in Hassidism some of his finest material. The mystic and symbolist that he was, he discovered in it a rich and fertile field, even opportunity for the propagation of his social ideals. Peretz, the advocate who knew how iron-hard law can be when not tempered with mercy, could say in "Between Two Mountains" to the Rabbi of Brisk, "Your Torah is all justice, without a spark of mercy. And therefore it is joyless, and cannot breathe freely . . . It is all chains and fetters." He, the lover of the masses, their friend and educator, could say to the learning-proud Rabbi in the same story, "And tell me, Rabbi, what have you for All-Israel? What have you for the wood-cutter, for the butcher, for the artisan, for the common Jew? — especially for the simple Jew? Rabbi, what have you for the unlearned?" Peretz, the lover of all man who spurned castes and classes, found his ideal in the Hassidic beggar in "Haknasat Kallah" who enters

the sumptuous home of his rich fellow Hassid, lies down with his muddy boots on the sofa and, without let or hindrance, orders him about as though he were his own brother. He, the music-lover, perhaps the most tuneful of Jewish poets, found in the Hassidic melody something to love and stir him, and he made it the subject of several of his most memorable tales.

The man of letters is rarely the man of action; dreamers and doers are not made of the same material. I. L. Peretz possessed the happy faculty of being able to be both kinds of man. He was both thinker and worker, poet and leader, an idealist and a practical man. He worked not only with thoughts and ideas, but with men, causes, movements, and organizations. He went back to the past and steeped himself in the dreams and ideals of the faraway days, but the present, the Jewish sad and tragic present, never escaped him. His sensitivity responded to every current of Jewish life — social, political, and material. He was a tireless worker; there was no empty pause in his life; what he could spare from study, he gave to his people, to improve their lot, raise their standard, and help them in their plight.

He was not only the literary and artistic voice of his people, their torch-bearer and lamp-lighter, the pseudonym under which he often wrote, but an iron pillar on which they leaned in the sorrows and troubles which beset them. Instinctively they felt that they had in him a hearing ear and a feeling heart. His doors were beleaguered by thousands. After busy days in his office he seldom knew the rest and relaxation of his home. They came to him from almost everywhere — woe-begone and bedraggled masses of humanity — not alone from the city in which he lived, but from every town and hamlet in Poland. Already his name was a legend; they read his Hassidic stories, and they besought him as they would their own Zaddik.

The last days of Peretz's life were marked for Jews by suffering only surpassed by the still greater agony they were to experience twenty-five years later. They came in the wake of World War I. To Peretz it seemed as if the world was being shaken to its end, at any rate, the Jewish world. The Jewish habitations of Poland were one great battlefield, cruel, bloody, and destructive. They suffered from presumed friend and foe alike. Every Russian defeat was made an occasion for falling upon the Jews. They were accused hysterically and craftily by both belligerents of treachery and espionage, and were crucified by both alike. "Military necessity" was made an excuse for evacuating Jews at a moment's notice from towns and villages they had lived in for centuries. Forty ravaged ghettos poured their pitiful loads of refugees into Warsaw. They barely escaped with their lives, carrying nothing away of their possessions except what their aching backs could bear.

Those were times of pain and anguish for the Jews of Poland. On Peretz their load was crushing. He took upon himself all the sorrows and afflictions of his people. He would not be spared anything. He received delegations, spent nights of wearisome discussions, quarrelled with the local Jewish authorities who would exploit their people's misery for their pet Jewish philosophies, went to the trains to meet the refugees and helped and assisted them in whatever way he could. He made the refugee children the special object of his concern, found shelters for them, clothed and fed them, organized schools, secured teachers, visited them, spent long hours with them, and entertained them with his fascinating stories. It was while writing a lullaby for these children that he died suddenly at his desk during the Passover week of 1915.

* * *

I. L. Peretz was the most successful of Jewish writers, successful in the love and

admiration in which he was held, in the popularity which surrounded his name, and in the large reading public he had established for himself. He is perhaps the most widely-translated Yiddish writer; his books appeared in many editions, and many of his stories have been included in literary anthologies of a number of languages. He has been written about more than any other Jewish writer, and a bibliography of the books and articles in which he figures would make quite a fair-sized monograph. Since Professor Leo Wiener called attention to him in his famous *History of Yiddish Literature in the Nineteenth Century*, Peretz has been a favorite writer with the American Jewish reading public.

Yet, there was tragedy in Peretz's life, deep shadows which darkened his otherwise brilliant literary career. There was a restlessness about him which bore witness to a volcanic genius which had but half fulfilled itself. "If Not Higher," the title he gave to one of his most precious stories, may be taken as symbolic of his own life. Work obsessed him, and he worked incessantly. He wrote stories, sketches, ballads, feuilletons, and experimented successfully with almost every known literary form, but he never found time to write the book, the great and masterly book, which would round out his creative life as the golden sunset rounds out the day glorious. That he postponed for some other time. And the time never came . . .

Other dreams obsessed Peretz. So far the background of his life was the dull wretchedness of the Polish towns and villages he had visited and which he described so unforgettably in his "Travel Pictures." But there was an intense yearning in his heart for wider horizons. He wanted to travel, see the world, meet with people and situations in lands beyond the rim of his limited life. He even dreamt of one day crossing the ocean and visiting this country where his reputation was spreading and his work held in high re-

gard. What wings that experience would have given to the artist, the poet and story-teller! But again the time did not come. . .

The time never came because of his crowded, busy life, because there were no generous princes among the Jews to permit their talented men to pursue their work unhampered, because Peretz the writer, the poet, the man of deep and sensitive feelings had to waste his time and energies on things which bore no relation to the work for which he was chosen. Other Jewish writers were not any more fortunate than he. They too had to burn up their energies on things unbecoming their God-given gifts. But can anyone imagine anything more disheartening to the poet whose mind dwelt in the realm of the radiant things he created than to spend his days in the melancholy atmosphere of an office of the Jewish Community House in Warsaw where the dates of deaths and burials were entered? That the gloom of his dismal occupation did not communicate itself to his stories is one of the great miracles of his work and something for which his readers are supremely grateful.

After thirty years have passed over his grave, I. L. Peretz rests serenely in the hearts of his people. He occupies a place in Jewish literature quite by himself. The man who was without predecessors is also without successors. He established no school, he left no disciples, no one can claim the mantle of the master to have fallen upon him. He has influenced many but was followed by no one. The gap his death created in Jewish literature still remains to be filled. His genius was so strangely and uniquely personal that, like a lofty mountain, while many may admire it, few can hope to reach its peak. As was said of another great Jewish master, so it may be said of I. L. Peretz, he took all the wealth and splendor of the earth along with him in his death so that the world was made poorer by his passing.

Portraits of Indifferent Jews

By Harold U. Ribalow

There were Jewish soldiers in the American Army who were indifferent to Judaism, despite all the terror loosed upon the world by the Germans, who used Jews as their first weapon in the war of ideas which culminated in a war between good and evil, between—as Mussolini called it—"virile fascism and degenerate democracy."

There were Jews in the Army who knew that the fate of Jewry was bound up with the fortunes of the armies in Europe and in the Pacific. And they cared about Jewish fate only because it seemed to them that they were stamped as Jews, no matter what they wanted to be, no matter how they considered themselves. By and large, however, many of these soldiers were indifferent to the fate of millions of people who died only because they had Jewish names, "Jewish faces," or Jewish origins.

What sort of people were these soldiers? And why are their attitudes so important?

There is no doubt that they were good fellows, young guys who were drafted and made to fight through a mess not of their own making. No amount of flag-waving or chauvinism can hide the blatant fact that our generation saved the skins of the generation of our fathers. Whether we know what to do now that the war is over depends in large measures on our attitudes.

After having been in the Army for three and a half years, after having written about soldiers during that entire period and after having seen Jewish soldiers from all states, in all countries, under various conditions, I believe that even with the war over, and soldiers being re-

legated to the back pages of current American history, it is important that we understand what made the Jewish soldiers tick, what made them think as they did. I do not write of those who are Jews because of pride in their culture, in the accomplishments in Palestine and in the work of fellow Jews all over the world. This is the story of Jews who were unaware of the tremendous currents which made them important individuals in the events of the past decade. This is the story of a set of attitudes of a representative group of people, on a subject which helped touch off the war and set the world on fire.

* * * * *

Curly-headed Ezra Goode has a sensitively-moulded face marred only by lips a trifle gross and a mildly receding jaw. His low-slung, powerfully-developed body clashes with his Roman nose, his even teeth, his intelligent eyes. It is apparent that Ezra is from New York, for he has the slurring enunciation and the quick tongue attributed correctly to the New Yorker. It peeves him to be labelled so easily and without error, but there is nothing about him to suggest any other section of the United States. In attitude, in speech, in personal habits and in his sardonic type of humor, he is the complete New Yorker.

Although the Army often did a good job in blurring a man's background, it is obvious that as a civilian Ezra lived well. His authoritative manner of speech, his generosity with his pocketbook, and his expensive habits indicated that he had it a good deal better in civilian life than he had it in the Army.

I met Ezra when I was transferred to his post, but we became closer friends when we spent our vacation together in the Himalayas, in India. We talked together during the evenings in the tall mountains, where nature displayed its haughty grandeur and where one could not say that India was a hell-hole, for the Himalayas are among the most wonderful mountains in the world and the air which surrounds the mountains leads one to believe that life near Kashmir is the closest one can get to the mythical Shangri-la of James Hilton.

In the Army men brushed against each other with an indifference that is startling to civilians. One may eat with you, sleep next to you, divulge one's innermost thoughts to a neighbor within earshot, and still consider you as a complete non-entity. It is only when something special happens to you and your neighbor simultaneously that you become, for the transitory period that you are together, fairly fast friends.

When Ezra and I travelled up the Himalayas, we spent three days and nights together on an Indian railroad. That in itself was a binding experience. We had another tie in common: we were both Jewish, and neither of us, at any time denied it to anyone else. And with each other we wrestled with issues of Judaism as well as with issues of the war, Communism, and the comparative beauty of the Khyber pass as against the lush landscaping of Kashmir.

It happened during one of those evenings when the quiet air was accompanied by the blinking lights in the Muslim homes along the mountain trails, that Ezra and I spoke with frankness to one another. It was an evening of self-seeking and inner searching, the sort of an evening one experiences most often during the eager days of college. He told me of his rich father, of his own college days, and of his Army experiences. Perhaps it was the fact that it was late at night and the mountains were held in a crown of silence; maybe it was because we were

just about ready, psychologically, to lean upon a stranger's shoulder and spill our frustrations, dreams, and emotions. He began to talk and it was hard to tame the power of his speech. I did not try to.

Despite the time of night, Ezra spoke clearly and with eloquence. In talking about the Army he told me this:

"You know, I washed out as a flying cadet. It hurt me. I love to fly. Floating through the air fascinates me. The joy stick in my hand is like a baton to a great conductor, if I can put it that way. I knew that I was safer on the ground. Hell, I'm no dummy. My folks wanted me to stay put, but they were made of good stuff. Neither of them told me to quit flying. They understood it was something strong in me. So they let me keep it up. I don't think I'd have quit anyway. Maybe they knew it, who knows?"

The words were now a torrent.

"But," he said, "my girl was afraid and when she came to see me, I tried to show off in front of her. I flew under a high bridge and nearly killed myself. Yeah, I was washed out." He spoke in a matter-of-fact voice but the sorrow was interlarded with each word.

And then, as though touched by an invisible sword, he leaped at another phrase, chosen as though it were completely isolated from his previous speech. "You know," he said, "even when I washed out there was a sort of a pleasure I got out of it all. One of the fellows flying with me said to me, 'You know, Goode, I knew all along you were a Jew, but that bit of flying rid me of any ideas I had that Jews were afraid of things.'" Ezra smiled. "That was silly of him," he said, "because like anyone else, a Jew can be afraid of what all other people fear. But I realized then that no matter what I do, in any field, in the Army or out, there is a standard for me that is different from the standard for others. And the fact that I am Jewish and they are not, stands between us in a subtle and sometimes open sense."

That was the first word to pass be-

tween us about Judaism. The mood to talk, now irresistible, kept him talking, with grim passion.

"This business of being a Jew," he said, "what is it? No one considers what you want to do or think about it all. To others, to non-Jews, I am a Jew, no matter what I have to say about it all, I'm not religious. I don't believe in God and I have no faith in an organized Church, or synagogue. I tried, I tried hard to be like others. I know that I can't remain indifferent because no matter how I feel about it, I'll always be treated as a Jew. It isn't that a Jew is always treated badly that irks me. It is that I can be made to suffer for what I don't believe in, and no matter how loudly I disclaim belief, I can find no one to support my views. It seems that I shall remain Jewish if I lead a Jewish life, or if I don't."

This statement prompted me to ask a few questions about his Jewish background and in the answer there must be nuggets of gold for those who look for and deal in tortured souls.

"I was brought up," Ezra said, "like most Jewish kids, I suppose. A little Hebrew, but I hated to study Hebrew. It seemed so meaningless. I saw no reason for religious rituals. I saw no reason for beards and skull caps. I still don't, but I'm tolerant enough to let it pass. My parents did not expect much from me. They gave me a *Bar Mitzvah*, because they did not want to be blamed for not teaching me Jewish things. They never did anything against my own wishes. They thought they were being good to me. Sometimes, I don't know if they really were."

Ezra's talkative mood began to vanish. He realized for the first time in hours that he had talked the night away, for over toward the left a streak of light was stealing across a mountain and the moon, still shining, was beginning to fade. The snow on a distant peak blended with the sky, and the stars, blinking like electric lights on Broadway, were a trifle less awe-in-

spiring, giving way to the miracle of dawn.

Looking at the sky, Ezra stared moodily and then turned to me. He said in an even, wondering voice:

"Why don't I want to be a Jew, when I know that I can't twist out of it?"

His voice cracked toward the end, and the question remained unanswered that night. But now and again when the nights are cool and I am restless and I think of Kashmir, I recall Ezra Goode and wonder if it isn't best that the query be thrown into the air above the Himalayas to disappear forever.

* * * * *

Although it has long been proved to the satisfaction of the tolerant that the Jew is no different from any other people, racially and anthropologically speaking, one can hardly mistake Leo Gallin for anything but Jewish, despite the slightly Gallic tinge to his name.

Tall, heavily-built but with unattractive features, Gallin has many of the attributes generally labelled "Jewish" by those who like to place persons in comfortable niches. Gallin's face, highlighted by sharp, intelligent eyes, is surrounded by an ungainly nose, sensuous lips, and a dark, nearly swarthy complexion. When he speaks he is immediately recognized to be a New Yorker, for his voice is strident, aggressive, and supported by a healthy diaphragm.

Those who like to say that the Jew is loud, overbearing, insufferably clever, and full of complexes, will point to Gallin and say, "How can you mistake him for anything but a Jew?"

And the baffling thing about it all is that Gallin is more of an agnostic than a believer, more apt to sneer at traditional religion than to take part in it, more comfortable in his indifference to the heritage of Judaism than he would be in subservience to it.

Born in Brooklyn, educated and schooled in a harsh environment of poverty, meanness, petty thievery, and a society

which admires the successful man regardless of the means of his success, Gallin, in his 24 years, has seen more brutality and degeneracy than have most men twice his age. He did not begin to see the world when he joined the Army; he merely began to see that the rest of the world, in its desperate chaos, is not unlike the jungles of his own Brooklyn.

I first became interested in Gallin when I met up with his tremendous absorption in books. Carrying on like a successful self-made man who in his struggle upwards neglected culture, Gallin read omnivorously and spewed forth his findings in a loud excited voice. He was trying to discover the world and what made it tick at a time when he himself was at war. He was trying to find himself, and his background, plus his intense searchings, made him a person of deep attraction.

We met in Ceylon and because life on the island was comparatively luxurious and books were easy to obtain and quiet nights made for good arguments, we discussed myriad subjects. As was inevitable, we eventually came to discuss Judaism. The grim humor here was that in his intensity to learn, in his humbleness at his inadequacy, in his social zeal, in his tactless intolerance, he was being, in many ways, highly Jewish. And all this at a time when he laughed at Judaism and its meaning and heritage.

One night we talked about Zionism and, despite the bright stars and the sheer poetry of the night, Gallin refused to turn sentimental. He said, in effect, "Listen, religion don't mean a thing to me. It never will. So we are both Jews. So what? It don't mean nuthin' to me that you are a Jew. If you are a smart and intelligent guy, I go for you; otherwise, I don't."

Then he offered the platitudes that the Jew cannot be a Zionist because of the issue of dual allegiance and, anyway, he, Gallin, was happy in America. He was tossing aside Judaism not only because

he was unacquainted with it, but because he saw no value in becoming acquainted with it. In his hurry to study and find out things, something like Judaism touched him not at all, in spite of Hitler and company. He boasted that American Jewish youths were not Zionists, that the Jews he knew were completely unaware of the implications of Zionism. And in his talk he veered off and said, "It is life that counts and you have to ride life and take part in it. You can't go running around about religion when you look around and see nothing worth saving. Give me women, all kinds of women."

But then another mood hit him and he said, "I have to learn. I know about raw things, about dirty things, but I want to go to college and I want to study deep and important matters."

This inner struggle between black and white, between order and disorder, between the good and the evil, followed him in all his talks and over a period of time I found myself in deep sympathy with his gropings and felt strange that here was a man who was all Jewish in his agony to learn, all Jewish in his humanitarianism, in his social leanings and in his attempt to hurdle the obstacles of his background. And with all that he was consciously denying his own birthright.

When he sneered at anti-Semites, when he was happily surprised to learn that certain important men were Jewish, when he discussed his own upbringing, one thought of Budd Schulberg's *What Makes Sammy Run?* and of Sammy Glick, the little Jew who refused to allow his background to suppress his ambitions. Gallin was a combination of Glick, of some of Jerome Weidman's hard characters and Sholem Aleichem's *luftmensch*. Gallin was what outsiders call a "character," what non-Jews immediately call "a New York Jew," and both overlook the essential goodness in him that overshadows his hulking looks and tart comments.

How the war and the Army affected him is hard to say. He had travelled wide-

ly and spoke glibly of such places as Cairo, Agra, Karachi, and many whistle stops along the route to Ceylon. He spoke of Palestine and his furlough there, which was called off when he got sick. He spoke of the Jewish girls in the Middle East, of Cairo's wickedness and its fascination. He is no longer of Brooklyn alone. He is now, and apparently forever, a worldly individual, but one whose characteristics are sufficiently limited to classify him as an American Jew from Brooklyn. And the tragedy of it, the complexity of it, the chaos of it is that he would probably take issue with this label.

* * * * *

Al Gordon is a sober-faced, square-jawed fellow who wants to be a writer, is conscious of the scorn he may face by declaring his ambition, and is shackled by his innate shyness and inability to spur himself forward to see things for himself.

He is intellectual in a shallow way, hopeful that his dreams, which are set high, will win for him the admiration of those whom he likes. He lived quietly in the Army, insisting all along that "I'm observing things; I don't have to go out and live wildly myself."

He has written for publication, but has been limited to small, weekly newspapers. He mocks at his incipient newspaper work, admitting freely that he wants to write "artistically." It may be of some point to state that the *New Yorker* has rejected some of his material. A high school graduate with only a few years of college to his credit, Al likes to talk knowingly of classical music, of techniques of writing, of "journalism," as though it were a mysterious handmaiden of the arts and of politics.

After having spent a year with him in the Army, I found him to be without humor, without inner confidence in himself, and with few interests. He is only 22, and has the look of the chronic dreamer who hurdles the world's obstacles in the realm of the imagination alone. It

was Somerset Maugham who once said that it constantly amazed him that so many people undertook to write books while they would never think of becoming musicians unless they first studied music. But because the tools of the writer are the everyday words of all mankind, there are people who undertake to write mainly because they think the writer's stamp is more glamorous than any other stamp. That they may have nothing to add to the world's wisdom or entertainment is a thought which never strikes them.

I stress writing and creativity in characterizing Al, for I think his attitudes concerning his Judaism are typical of the dabbler in arts, the poetaster rather than the poet; the pseudo-intellectual rather than the true thinker.

Gordon likes to think that his attitudes are thought through, logically, dispassionately, as though he were a latter-day Kant deciding earthshaking issues. In his sobriety, in his humorless view and in his intense ambition veiled by his shyness, one finds the sort of dreamer who has lost all practicality in the catacombs of his dream world. As a Jew Gordon declares that the only way out is assimilation.

"Forget the so-called Judaism and its culture," he said to me. "We are all human beings and it is easy to lose one's troubles in a society which doesn't care about religion." He overlooked the fact that most of the world is not indifferent to faith and religion. That the Jew cannot hide his identity even if he wanted to also escaped Gordon.

It was during one of those Ceylonese evenings when the tropics seemed interminably dull that we tried to liven up matters by discussing assimilation. Turning to me with some impatience, Al said, "Why not intermarry, why not just disappear. What's special about being a Jew these days?"

The appalling indifference to the facts as they were, the fact that the Jew just

cannot go to Arizona, proclaim himself a Turk and live happily ever after had escaped Gordon, busy with his effete dreams.

How could one say that you can escape your race and religion in the face of world events? Waldo Frank has written that the Jewish tragedy is that men are dying for Judaism when they don't know what Judaism stands for. They are, he wrote, dying for what they are not. They might as well learn what they are supposed to be, what they actually are but don't know it, so that if they must fight simply because they were born Jews, they may have reason to fight with energy and dignity.

Gordon is not, like these other soldiers, mistaken for a non-Jew. He wraps himself in garments of silk and thinks that his armor is of steel. It is true that he is young, but through his fear he has become a conformist who thinks himself a revolutionary. He is a Babbitt on Main Street who considers himself a Byron in Greece. It is precisely his sort of artistic smugness, his refusal to see things as they are that we fight even after the war is over. For this was a war against intellectual as well as physical intolerance, against the restricted mind, against art for art's sake.

Gordon, like Gallin, has seen the world. Unlike Gallin he has not been of it. He has walked through it, untouched. The mud on Gallin's shoes indicates that he has been around. Too much cleanliness sometimes means too little living. It is painful to watch a young fellow deny the faith into which he was born. And in rejecting it, he gives up more than meets the eye. He is denying his very being because he has become nothing in attempt-

ing to escape what he was meant to be.

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It will be noted that these three soldiers were, generally speaking, Jews mainly by accident of birth. None of them was fervently interested in Judaism and each one believed that all he had to do was act like a gentleman and he would be treated like one. None of these men seemed to realize that as a Jew each one represented more than himself alone. There is a lot they seemed unaware of. They did not learn that they could not escape themselves, regardless of their wishes. Gallin alone was groping toward a meaning for his Judaism and if he ever manages to discover his real self, he will learn that denial of his race played a large role in his thwarted feelings. John Donne, in one of literature's great passages, wrote that "No man is an island entire to himself," and in a civilization nurtured by Judaism no Jew stands alone. Those who thought they did discovered to their sorrow that they were wrong. The German Jew, smug in the *Vaterland*, learned that his war medals did not save him from the gas chambers any more than the Orthodox symbols of Polish Jewry saved them. The Jew with the *kapote*, the *yarmilka*, and the *beard* found that the "modern" German Jew died alongside of him.

And the American Jewish soldiers who fought in this war and found themselves indifferent to the Judaism which was such a great factor in this war had to learn the hardest of all possible ways that Jews everywhere are one people. There were soldiers who did not know it. Perhaps they still don't. But in their lack of knowledge there is an inner death, a death of the soul, sometimes far more final than the death of the physical body.

A LETTER FROM DACHAU

By Selwyn S. Schwartz

... Today I have touched the snow
and the snow's voice
a tone all it's own
entertained my walk,

each snowdrop embodied its pose
its wink,
caress,
the liquid vibration confined

one
by
one,

their course towards me, towards the sea
seeking eluded atoms
undefined
in the curriculum of borrowed wisdom

as the wind and the waves
like wild sirens
within the scales of my ears

deploy
and
falter;

and all that was splendor is cold
in my eye, eternally cold
gravely cold within the story
of these voluminous flakes,

see, my crib how soft,
my wisdom how naked.

American Jewish Labor Movement

By Edward Wahl

ACTUALLY there is no Jewish labor movement in this country in terms of proportionate membership, leadership, or even ideology. Certain unions however, at one time led and generally composed of immigrant Jews, did establish cultural patterns and import ideologies that differed so sharply from the purely economic outlook of American unions as ultimately to cut paths for them. These same unions have been the first to accept the extra-union responsibilities of education, social security, and the like as part of their regular programs.

BEGINNINGS

The bulk of the garment industry settled in New York, that being the first port of call for immigrants from Europe. The Irish monopolized the New York clothing industry from 1850 to 1885, when an influx of Germans, followed closely by German and Polish Jews, changed the national pattern of the industry. The industry was largely Jewish during the years of formative unionism and it was not until 1910 that Italian immigrants began to replace Jews. In Chicago the first workers were Germans, German Jews, a scattering of Americans, Bohemians, and Poles. Russian Jews, Italians, and Lithuanians entered after 1895.

As the waves of immigration supplanted each other, wage scales fell, for the incoming hordes were eager to work and lacking knowledge of the language, the customs, and the consequent ability to get work, were hired at successively lower rates. Since Jewish immigration

soared in the three decades beginning in 1880, and the bulk of the immigrants had had previous experience in the trade, they swarmed to the sweatshops of New York. Rapidly the immigrant rose to a position of contracting, in turn hiring his newly arrived compatriots at lower wages and for a longer work-week. The worker employed by him slaved; so did the contractor, for he acted as the go-between for workers and the real employer, the manufacturer.

With the immigration of the 1880's came sweatshop conditions that were easily the worst in the country. Shops operated directly by the manufacturer were occasionally better, but the majority of Jewish immigrants worked for the contractor. His home served as the place of employment and relatives as well as new immigrants comprised his labor force. Said a report of New York factory inspectors in 1887:

The workshops occupied by these contracting manufacturers of clothing, or sweaters as they are commonly called, are foul in the extreme. Noxious gases emanate from all corners. The buildings are ill smelling from cellar to garret. The water closets are used alike by males and females and usually stand in the room where the work is done. The people are huddled too closely for comfort, even if all other conditions were excellent. And when this state of affairs is taken into consideration, with the painfully long hours of toil which the poverty stricken victims of the contractors must endure, it seems wonderful that there exists a human being who could stand it for a month and live. We are not describing one or two places, for there is hardly an exception in this class of manufactories in all New York.

The average working day was from five in the morning until nine at night, or 15

to 16 hours, with a tiny break of a few minutes for lunch. Many workers never left the shop, sleeping on bundles of material. Nine dollars a week was an average wage for six working days of 15 hours each. No objection, even to the system of fines and charges, was tolerated; too many persons awaited jobs.

Ingenious forerunners of the modern piece rate system made their appearance, along with rate cutting, speed-up and stretch-out. The speed-up results from the setting of a rate to be paid for the completion of a set number of pieces. As the operator produces larger quantities above the norm, and pockets the percentage gain, he is required to make more pieces to meet the norm. In this way he must work faster to equal his rate of a week ago. The process is a continuous one, until he voluntarily puts down his desire for added wages and works at a speed that allows him only a small amount above his piecework norm. The stretch-out, more common in the textile industry, is a process that assigns a man to one machine, then two, and perhaps many more. The present agitation to link wages more closely with production would meet with greater approval from labor had not the sweatshop proprietors, and their modern imitators in radio parts and similar industries, devised elaborate methods for obtaining intense production at ever lowering wages.

At first the Jewish immigrant was cool to unionism, for, as Dr. Joel Seidman suggests in his excellent book, *The Needle Trades*, they were fleeing not from "capitalist oppression, but rather from feudalism to a land where greater business opportunities were available." However, the disillusion of the sweatshop and the urgency of their poverty led them to listen to the scattering of radicals among them. Accepting not only the unionism these radicals preached, and their successful forays in organization, they accepted also the doctrines of socialism. Thus union organization from the begin-

ning was highly consistent with political action.

An odd difficulty that beset the incipient union leaders was the discouraging recurrence of "seasonal unionism." At the beginning of a season, when work was plentiful and rates were to be set, the workers would organize, bargain, and even strike. As soon as work slackened, however, the unions disappeared leaving not even a name. In some cases racketeers appeared, collected dues and levies, and then vanished. "Seasonal unionism" was to crop up again and again, even after the stable unions were organized and active.

In the 1880's Morris Hillquit, then a shirt maker and afterwards a leading Socialist, aided in the establishment of the United Hebrew Trades, through which he planned to organize many of the New York needle trade workers. In less than two years the association, formed of two unions of about 70 members, had thirty-two locals affiliated with it. Seasonal unionism destroyed the Association several times but it rose again each time, its organizing attempts gaining new adherents and spreading the concept of unionism throughout the East Side.

Somewhat later, about 1895, the Socialist Labor Party, under the leadership of Daniel DeLeon, established the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance, which endeavored to supplant the AFL and Knights of Labor with a trade union movement of revolutionary intent. In 1897 a segment of Socialists broke off from this venture and part of the group formed the *Vorwarts*. After the United Hebrew Trades severed its relationship with the DeLeon Alliance, the *Vorwarts* group joined them in founding the Socialist Party. The Jewish needle trade unions, the Socialist Party, and the *Vorwarts* group became associates and the *Vorwarts* acted as the union organ.

The industry in the 1890's was flooded with Russian Jews escaping Czarist tyranny. Ultra-revolutionists, they took to unionism heartily issuing proclamations

that began with: "Death to the bosses!" and ended with appeals to members to pay their dues. These workers were absorbed into the conservative United Garment Workers, not without qualms on the part of the union leaders.

The UGW had been built of both radical Jews and the more conservative Irish and German workers, along with the native born Americans. Elements of the Knights of Labor, the AFL, and what was left of the Tailors' Progressive Union had joined it. At its first convention the union elected American leaders, and passed socialist resolutions, a compromise effort to unite the varying forces. Through several struggles in its first years, including a large general strike, it grew and prospered. After several strikes had been defeated in 1896, the union turned more conservative and pinned its faith on the organizing effectiveness of the union label. Concurrently it turned its attention to the work clothing segment of the garment industry, that division being the one where the union label would carry the most weight. By the limitations of its own program, by the conflict between the radical Jews and the conservative Americans, it became clear that the United Garment Workers, which had originally hoped to bring all the needle trades workers into one organization, was doomed to obscurity. Conditions demanded militant, wiser union. It was not long in coming.

THE ILGWU

The International Ladies' Garment Workers Union was founded by convention in 1900. Two thousand workers in four unions were represented. By 1903, 51 unions were allied to the new organization, with a membership of 8,865. Assistance given by the AFL in organizing talents and gifts of funds brought about a deep loyalty on the part of the union to the Federation.

Throughout the early years of its growth proposals were constantly extended to amalgamate the new union

with the United Garment Workers. Indeed, the 1905 convention actually established a committee to seek such amalgamation, only to have it turned down by the membership in a referendum vote.

Factional differences were swift to arise. The cutters, highly skilled men, were conservative and felt a gap between themselves and the more radical rank and file membership. Local 10, the cutters' union, went so far as to introduce a resolution at the AFL convention asking that the ILGWU be investigated. The ILGWU, striking back, suspended the local for failing to participate in strikes called by the General Executive Board. After much wrangling and consistent effort by Local 10 to draw the AFL into the controversy, the dispute was settled early in 1910.

The union was somewhat revitalized by two small strikes in 1907 and 1908, but it was not until the historic strike of the waist and dress makers that the union began its real growth. The appalling conditions in this trade, the enormity of the strike, and the fact that the majority of the strikers were young women captivated the public fancy. Dr. Seidman indicates that the "Uprising of the Twenty Thousand," as it has been called ever since, laid the foundation for the solid organization that was to develop.¹

Long hours, low wages, excessive cost of needles and other tools with which they worked, plus an endless system of subcontracting, brought a number of small strikes in the fall of 1909. Some were won and others were in various stages of failure when Local 25, whose membership consisted of 100 workers, decided to call a general strike.

The response was enthusiastic, though tempered by the knowledge that a strike meant considerable suffering. A mass meeting was held at Cooper Union, to make the decision.

A girl from one of the shops already on strike took the floor. "I am tired of listening to speakers who talk in general terms," she

¹ Dr. Joel Seidman: *The Needle Trades*, Farrar & Rinehart N. Y. 1942

said. "What we are here for is to decide whether we shall or shall not strike. I offer a resolution that a general strike be declared—now." Instantly, the *New York World* reported, "the big gathering was on its feet, everyone shouting an emphatic affirmative, waving hats, canes, handkerchiefs, anything that came handy. For five minutes, the tumult continued; then the chairman, B. Feigenbaum, made himself heard and asked for a seconder of the resolution. Again the big audience leaped to its feet, everyone seconding."²

The strike-call was successful instantaneously. Fifteen thousand workers in New York went on strike with inadequate preparation, lacking halls, relief, even organization. The strikers showed extreme courage, picketing in icy winter and fighting police and guards hired by the manufacturers. Arrests were numerous. In Philadelphia the workers responded as in New York. The membership held firm, rejected a peace offer that did not provide for union recognition, but was finally forced to surrender, for only half the manufacturers accepted the union's terms. It was an inspiration, however, even in partial defeat, boosting the membership of Local 25 to 10,000, and breaking ground for the phenomenal cloak-worker's strike, the "Great Revolt."

That uprising was as careful as its forerunner was spontaneous. Planned for two years, it was supported in a multitude of ways by both the ILGWU and the Federation. A magazine was created by the national office in 1910, *The Ladies Garment Worker*, in which most of the space was set aside to discuss the coming strike; the Joint Board of the cloakmakers issued a regular newspaper. By June of 1910, 10,000 cloakmakers had been enrolled by the Joint Board in preparation for the struggle. In July, a secret vote of workers showed 18,871 for the strike and 615 opposed. The strike deadline, set the same morning, was for July 7 at 2 P.M. Early in the morning the Joint Board paper announcing the date was distributed. Everything was in readiness. Abraham Rosenberg, then President of the International, in one of the most

famous quotations of labor leaders, tells the story:

About two o'clock some of the members of the strike committee together with some representatives of the press went to the cloak district to see how the order of the strike committee would be taken. . . . Among those who were curious to see whether the workers would respond were also A. Cahan and B. Schlesinger, editor and manager of the *Forward*. (Schlesinger had also been the first president of the ILGWU.) Our people naturally were excited, their hearts beat fast, and every moment seemed an age to them. When ten minutes past two there was no worker to be seen, Cahan ironically asked: "Well, where are your strikers?" Hardly had he spoken, than we saw a sea of people surging from all the side streets toward Fifth Avenue. Every minute the crowds grew larger, and all moved in the same direction. By half-past two, all the streets from Thirty-Eighth street down and from the East River towards the West, were jammed with thousands of workers Many of our most devoted members cried for joy at the idea that their lifelong labors had at last been crowned with success. In my mind I could only picture to myself such a scene taking place when the Jews were led out of Egypt.³

Forty-five thousand cloakmakers participated in the strike, only 5,000 workers staying on the job. Picketing was established immediately to win over these non-strikers. Relief was a major problem. Some of the small shops settled at once, but the others held firm. Mediator Louis D. Brandeis proposed a solution for the issue of the union shop which deadlocked both sides, in what is known as the preference shop. Under this plan union members receive first choice at jobs. The union turned down the suggestion but injunctions forced them to accept it, thus ending the strike.

The agreement, called a "Protocol of Peace," was to set a vogue in the industry. It limited the work-week to 50 hours, made great reforms in wages, in working conditions, and abolished sub-contracting and home work. Intended to establish permanent peace, it set a general standard of wages for the industry, no expiration date being added as is the custom in today's agreements. Other features, surprisingly similar to contemporary proposals, were a permanent grievance mach-

² Ibid. p. 103

³ Rosenberg: *Memoirs of a Cloakmaker*, p. 208

inery and a Board of Arbitration.

As a result of the agreement, seasonal unionism at last died out and the membership of the union swelled to a huge total. By 1912 the ILGWU was the fifth largest union in the AFL; by 1914 the third largest. Almost at once, however, the protocol met with disapproval. Its grievance machinery faltered, several strikes weakened it and when, in 1916, an association of manufacturers rejected the proposals of its board of standards it was doomed, and was finally ended in 1919 by a strike.

Serious internal difficulties for the ILGWU were foreshadowed by the founding of the Communist Party late in 1917. More or less at Soviet suggestion, the Workers Party (legal name for the Communists) formed the Trade Union Educational League in 1921 with the avowed purpose of boring from within the trade union in order to capture and control it. Immediately most progressives and non-Communists seceded from the movement but the left wing had already attained enough power to elect a great many Communists to office. President Schlesinger, who had been president of the union in 1903-1904 and continuously from 1914, resigned in 1923 and was succeeded by Morris Sigman, who had previously held important posts in the national organization and on the Cloak-makers Joint Board. Both men were strongly opposed to the red infiltration.

The right wing clamped down sharply in 1923 by replacing a number of local officers on the ground that the constitution forbade dual membership. Nineteen executive members of Local 22 were thus prohibited from holding union office for five years.

The 1924 and 1925 conventions were overshadowed by the struggle between the opposing groups. The right wing won consistently, by narrow margins, and finally managed to pass a new constitutional provision making expulsion, fine, and suspension punishments for belong-

ing to a group that tried to determine the union's policies. Finally, in elections held in several New York locals, candidates were required to sign statements asserting that they did not belong to the T.U.E.L. or the Communist Party. All signed, but the subsequent acts of the officers of the locals indicated that they not only held their memberships in the dual organizations but were anxious to extend their influence. They held meetings at which the national officers were savagely attacked by known Communists and held May Day celebrations that were almost solely Workers' Party holidays. Moreover, Local 22 extended a loan to a Communist camp with bonds belonging to the local.

For these acts the local officers were suspended in 1925, found guilty, and barred from office. New elections were scheduled. The deposed leaders set up their own union, issued membership cards, started suit to claim monies deposited by the locals and held by the International, and called a strike in the cloak and suit industry. Realizing their mistake, the leaders of the International made peace on terms that constituted a victory for the left wing, allowed the suspended officers to be restored to their former positions, and awaited the convention.

For 18 days delegates fought in the convention hall; at one point the left-wingers threatened to leave the International and establish a rival union. The issue settled, the convention voted, re-electing Sigman over a left-winger by a vote of 158 to 109. A few of the left-wingers were elevated to the general executive board and a sort of truce put into action.

But the real battle began with the strike called by the left in 1926 over the objections of International leaders. It lasted 26 weeks, with Arnold Rothstein, the gambler, acting as mediator by request of the left wing. By the end of the 20th week a poor agreement was signed

with a third of the shops. In an evident effort to divert attention from their failure, the left wing opened fire on the national leaders, asserting that they had sabotaged the strike.

The right wing, this time with the fury of righteousness, countered with serious charges. They claimed that the leadership of the strike had actually been delegated to the Workers' Party; that the strike failure had encouraged the sub-contractors to lock out their workers. The most telling and serious accusation was that the left wing had used \$800,000 of employers' securities, deposited with the union as an act of good faith, in support of the strike.

Thoroughly alarmed by the danger in the situation which might well have smashed the ILGWU, the right wing took over control in December, settled the strike on fairly good terms in January, 1927, and ordered a new registration of workers. Those who failed to register, including the more prominent leftists, were declared to be no longer members of the union. The left tried to set up a counter organization but it was clear at once that the overwhelming bulk of members had re-registered with the right. The battle was won.

But the union was nearly smashed. First Sigman, then Schlesinger, and finally David Dubinsky of the cutter's local, assumed leadership. Under the successive reconstruction projects of the three men the union began to regain its feet and an organizing drive and general strike in 1929 rebuilt the ILGWU.

Before it could prosper, however, the depression was upon it, which reduced membership and plunged the union into debt. That it survived the internecine struggle and years of famine is a tribute to its leaders, Sigman, Schlesinger, and Dubinsky, all remarkably brilliant and able men, and to the scores of others too numerous to mention here.

Despite the ILG's close relationship with the AFL, the battle within that union began when the Committee

for Industrial Organization was launched, causing the ILGWU to be expelled. After the expulsion and the establishment of the CIO outside the AFL, the ILGWU assisted the new group but made fervent attempts to unite the two unions and refused to join the CIO's first constitutional convention in the hope of averting, or at least ameliorating, the differences. ILGWU was an independent for several years, playing the role of peacemaker but did not succeed, returning to the Federation fold in 1940. There the union has carried on an incessant battle against racketeering and has been the spearhead for liberal forces within the AFL.

THE AMALGAMATED CLOTHING WORKERS

The Amalgamated was born of a convention split within the United Garment Workers and had the backing not only of the progressive factions of the latter union but also of the many dissatisfied members that felt the UGW was not doing its job.

The leaders of the United Garment Workers had never abandoned their belief in the efficacy of the union label, gradually discarding all other labor weapons for it. The aim was to boycott non-union goods, and campaigns of public information were carried on to support this idea. This program took hold in the ready-made work clothing industry, for the majority of purchasers of these garments were union men or workers. But the style-conscious women and the bulk of the white-collar public naturally felt no compulsion to buy union merchandise, indeed, scarcely thought to look for the label.

Thus the UGW found its influence limited solely to work garments, with the bulk of the men's clothing industry totally unorganized. In 1910, aggrieved workers in the Chicago Hart, Schaffner & Marx factories left their jobs, followed quickly by 38,000 workers. The leaders of the UGW tried to avoid the issue but public support and the insistent pressure of the

workers forced a general strike call. Then union leaders tried to end the strike by turning the issue over to an arbitration commission, ceding without a struggle all important questions of union recognition and the union shop. A vote of angry strikers repudiated the action and the Federation was called upon to take control, which it did. But the UGW leaders, in a surprise move, called off the strike a few weeks later and the beaten workers had no choice but to return to work. The Hart, Schaffner & Marx unit, however, employing 6,000, was settled with victory for the union, an indication that unionization of the men's clothing industry was practicable. From that strike too came Sidney Hillman who soon reached national leadership.

Further arbitrary action by the UGW in New York created two dangerous blocs within the union before and during the 1912 convention. In a series of undemocratic moves, the UGW sought to disallow the angry groups from New York and Chicago and barred the New York locals and other men's clothing locals from taking their seats. A furious struggle took place in the convention hall. When the UGW flatly refused to consider seating the clothing delegations the Chicago group walked out, met with the barred locals in another hall, and declared themselves the legal convention of the UGW. Sidney Hillman was elected President.

The AFL refused to seat the new union at its convention, and late in 1914 the clothing workers met in New York and founded the ACWA, amalgamating the old Journeymen Tailors' Union.

As in the early days of the CIO, the ACWA found manufacturers reluctant to negotiate with them. Instead, back door contracts were signed with the UGW, as they were in the CIO-AFL struggle with AFL. The UGW went to the extent of provoking a lockout in New York, the manufacturers asserting they would not re-employ the workers until they signed with the Garment Workers. The strategy

boomeranged and even old line UGW adherents joined the Amalgamated.

Meanwhile the AFL came to the rescue of the UGW and entered into a fantastic alliance with the IWW against the new union. The UGW offered to break a strike of the ACWA in 1916 and Samuel Gompers, president of the Federation, telegraphed to the employers not to negotiate with Hillman's group. This too boomeranged, and at the conclusion of hostilities the UGW was left with little more than the overalls employees.

Like the ILGWU, the Amalgamated had its share of intra-union warfare, less serious, for the radicals could not gain the foothold in this union that it had in ILG. The right men met their attack with the same techniques of expulsion and suspension but the left lacked the popular support necessary for their experiments in dual unionism. By 1926, however, the danger was averted and the TUEL withdrew from the fight. The Amalgamated's ventures into the CIO were not without certain residue of anger at the AFL. Like the ILGWU, the ACWA was one of the pioneer unions in the CIO's creation. With loans both of organizers and talent, the Amalgamated virtually built the Textile Workers CIO from a tiny AFL remnant into one of the largest unions in the country.

Despite their differences with the ILGWU the leaders of the Amalgamated were willing to enter into political partnership with them and the two needle trades unions, along with the smaller unions in the city, established and developed the American Labor Party. The strength of the Democratic machine in the city was a deterrent to its growth, yet the ALP grew to a highly pivotal position of influence.

The right-left issue flowered again, however, within the political party. Although the original institution and the idea for it had come from the progressive non-Communist leaders of the unions, the left immediately began its policy of

boring within. The Communists grew strong and finally deposed the leadership and seized control.

Most of the needle trades union, with the exception of the red Furworkers and the Amalgamated, withdrew to form the Liberal Party. The Amalgamated stayed in for several reasons. One was the truce with the left established by president Murray of the CIO and the Executive Board. Another was the creation of PAC and its vital need for established political machinery.

Murray was afraid of open warfare with the Communists during the period of national emergency for good cause: the Communists controlled about one-seventh of the CIO's membership and if the struggle were begun again, the new union would be split and at the mercy of a waiting John L. Lewis and an equally ferocious William Green. Hillman needed the American Labor Party and the union machinery for the success of PAC. He was careful to keep the Communists from positions of decision and during his life they did not threaten to capture PAC as they had captured the ALP, save in New York City.

CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE JEWISH UNIONS

Remarkable as is the record of growth of the needle trades unions, even more remarkable is the leadership they have offered the other unions in such matters as education, cultural development, and functions not ordinarily commensurate with organized labor.

The Amalgamated owns a bank and several spacious and beautiful garden apartments, the latter maintained under Rochdale cooperative principles. In addition the union provides a small loan service. In crises, such as the depression and the recessions, the union lent money to manufacturers, in several cases saving their businesses. In this respect the voluntary wage cuts the ILGWU took and its firm control over the dress industry in the early 1930's undoubtedly saved the

industry from destruction and demoralization. Thus the unions fought side by side with the employers to stabilize and build the industry.

Insurance plans and disability and death benefits are of long standing in the two unions. Formed primarily to prevent seasonal unionism, they later offered social security in addition to that offered by the federal government. But it is in education that the unions have shown their remarkable progressiveness.

Both unions have education and research departments and, unlike many other unions, both departments function actively, a large part of the budget being allotted to them. Education in the ILGWU extends from job training to art instruction and the national offices in New York city have walls virtually covered by oils, water colors, and line drawings, many of them indicative of great ability.

The ILGWU some years ago produced a Broadway success, titled "Pins and Needles," which ran for several seasons. In addition, the union has presented many dramatic productions and has several choruses and choirs. In all respects the organization offers a multitude of cultural opportunities, as well as a vacation camp.

The American trade union movement, by and large, is an economic movement that considers other curricula as unrelated. True, almost all CIO unions have education departments, but few meet the standards of the needle trades and possibly only one, the United Auto Workers, compares at all. The labor movement is conservative; it distrusts new ideas, even publicity. Even the socially aware CIO speaks far more often than it acts.

It cannot be said that the increasing social consciousness of the American unions is due to the needle trades. But the original inspiration that labor is allied to the rest of society, that it stands or falls not only on its militancy and the minimums it establishes, but also on its contributions to the out-of-shop welfare of its members, comes largely from the

ILGWU, the ACWA, and the Jewish immigrants that developed the unions.

These Jewish leaders and their comrades in the Hat Workers and Hebrew Trades were men of high purpose, extreme ability and excellent intelligence. Hillman, Dubinsky, Sigman, Schlesinger, Zaritsky of the Hatters, and many others, were men almost created for the positions they held. Their honesty has been always above question, not only in cases of finances but in the subtler ones of politics and the constant trading necessary in effective unionism.

It was their ideas, their ability to put the ideas into effect, their combined progressiveness and practicality that built the so-called Jewish unions and, in large degree, helped the American labor movement to attain the size and stature it now has.

As the movement continues its development the familiar figures of the needle trades leaders will be in the vanguard. And it is a good thing for both the CIO and AFL that the needle trades unions are represented in both. It also is a good thing for the country.



It is hard work shooting Jews.

By MIKLOS ADLER

(Courtesy "The Record," American Jewish Conference)

A Farewell to Alms

By Louis Zara

MAMA KRAMER had beggars. According to her, they were steady, respectable people who simply went "to the houses" to earn their poor living. She did not resent them. She enjoyed them, for they gave her endless opportunities to be generous.

She had a Monday beggar. He was a wizened one-eyed man with an imperial and a black alpaca coat. He came every week on Monday. He knocked on the kitchen door, and Mama Kramer presented him with five cents, and a fresh baked roll. He did not have to ask. Coins and refreshment were ready and waiting for him.

The Tuesday beggar was an elderly woman with ruddy cheeks. She pounded on the jamb, and cried, "Let me in, Mrs. Kramer! Let me in!" As Mama Kramer flung open the door, she rushed in, and threw herself on the nearest chair. There she sat with head lowered while she caught her breath.

"Oh! Those stairs. If only you didn't live on a third floor!"

Mama Kramer put her toil-worn hands together, and spoke apologetically, "It's hard for me, too."

The other shook her head. "To have to go to the houses, and also to climb stairs—It's almost too much for a body."

"If you would ring the bell," Mama Kramer offered, her dark eyes brimming, "I would throw it down."

The Tuesday woman shrugged. "I am not a man with a monkey. If I have to see people, I climb their stairs."

The Wednesday beggar was a blind man who sold brooms. He had never asked for alms, but since Mama Kramer could not buy a broom oftener than once in six months she invited him to call every Wednesday for a contribution. It

was surprising that he could find his way. He wore blue glasses, and pushed a white cane. He carried his stock over one shoulder.

"Buy a broom!" he pleaded each week.

Mama Kramer picked up her broom and swished it over the floor. "But I don't need it yet."

"If only you bought a broom I wouldn't need your charity."

"I have a new one, and two old ones," she explained patiently. "How many brooms can I use?"

"They'll keep!" he retorted, the blue lenses fixed upon her. "They're not ice-cream. They won't melt."

She pursed her lips and thrust a coin into his half-open hand. "Don't feel bad. No one wishes you ill. I hope that one day you will find a pot of gold in broad daylight, and will need no one anymore. Not me or anyone."

"A pot of gold," he grumbled. "How can a blind man find a pot of gold?"

"Do you question that God could do it?" she challenged.

The Thursday beggar was a tall man with small deep-set eyes. He was very proud, and cried easily. Once, he declared, he had been wealthy, and when he had raised his voice servants had trembled. Now—the thought of his irrecoverable past made him grieve.

Mama Kramer was anxious not to arouse him. When he entered the kitchen he produced an old envelope and talked vaguely about the weather. She turned away so he could pretend not to see her do it, and slipped her coins inside. Then she made conversation—how are you, how is your family?—and, casually, handed it back. He sniffed, and blinked, and feigning that he was not aware of it, felt through the paper and estimated how

much. After a while, he casually slipped the envelope into his pocket.

"Bless you!" he sniffed. "You are a good people!" When he was down the stairs, he called back, to mislead eaves-dropping neighbors. "Perhaps you'll buy another time. Perhaps?"

She replied, "Perhaps."

The Friday man was the most distinguished of the lot. He had a jolly round face and a broad fan-like black beard. He wore a wide-brimmed hat which he never took off, a Prince Albert coat with frayed cuffs and lapels, and striped trousers. He generally arrived past three o'clock in the afternoon.

He paused on the threshold, and took a deep breath. "On a Friday the aromas of Heaven prevail in this kitchen," he vowed. "The aromas of Heaven!"

Mama Kramer was pleased. The Friday beggar was a courtly soul. She looked about as though expecting to find a cherub perched on the gas-range. "Fish! Chicken! Meatballs!" she muttered. "Where does he see me aromas?"

She laid a place at the kitchen table. He produced a small, black volume, faced the east wall, and began to recite the afternoon prayers. He clapped his palms together, and thrust them apart. He rolled his eyes up, and shook his head from side to side. He chanted in a mournful voice, and watched obliquely as she prepared the food. She sighed at his piety. It was a great honor to have him at her board.

His prayers done, he sat down to his meal. He tucked his napkin under his beard and consumed six courses, not including the soup and tea. While he ate she hovered over him. She wanted to tell him about her children, the one in the Pacific, the other in Miami. But he disliked talk with his meal.

"Such soup!" he said. "Such meatballs!" He sucked his teeth, and went through the food like a troop of locusts. When he was satisfied he put both hands on the table and praised her. "I have eaten in many houses, Mama Kramer, but like this

I have not eaten." Then he sang several Psalms of David, mouthing the verses ecstatically, and drumming his fingers.

Before she cleared the dishes she gave him the morning paper. He liked to read. He put on his "pincers" and perused the front page, the editorials, and news of the stock market.

"People make money," he shook his head. "Some people always make money."

When he was done he folded the paper neatly. "The world," he declared, "suffers for want of understanding."

Mama Kramer nodded. "The world suffers!"

"If every man had such food, and a few cents in his pocket, too—"

"Mister," she parried firmly, "food I can give you. More? Not."

"I didn't ask," he retreated hastily. "On my word. I was only saying. It's my philosophy."

Upon the threshold he blessed her. "May you have bread and children and prosperity! It is for the sake of such good souls as you that God does not destroy the earth."

"He hardly knows I'm here," she responded simply.

"He knows! He knows!" he assured her, and went out humming.

Saturday there were no beggars. For on the Sabbath she rested, and so did the people who went to the houses.

Sunday morning, however, at nine o'clock, the doorbell always rang. It was the Sunday beggar.

He was a lean, youngish man with a thin face and a large Adam's apple. He came for a late breakfast. While he had his coffee and a boiled egg, he cocked his derby on one knee. Papa Kramer, who did not approve of beggars, read his paper at the other end of the table, and did not look up.

The beggar conversed quietly with Mama Kramer. "Young girls want a younger man with money," he confided. "Older girls don't have a dowry themselves. How is a man to get a start?"

"Widows!" Mama Kramer proposed.

"Widows with money, Mr. Bock."

"So?" He gestured helplessly.

"If you had only come to me a year ago." She wrung her hands.

"Yes?"

"She's married now."

One Sunday morning Mr. Bock came for his breakfast when her ten year old grandson Morton was present. When the beggar had left, the boy saw a pocket-book lying near the chair upon which the beggar had been sitting. He stooped.

"What is that, Morton?"

The boy opened the little purse, and gasped. It was crammed with green bills. "Money!"

"Hush!" She handled it carefully, and frowned. "The poor man must have lost it. He'll be out of his mind."

She took her coat, and her hat, and her handbag. "Come with me, Morton. Say nothing to your grandfather."

Outside she paused and thoughtfully counted the bills.

"How much, Gran'ma?"

"Is it your business? Children don't have to know." But to herself she said. "One hundred dollars." Pain crinkled her eyes. "Ten fives and fifty ones!" She could have cried.

They walked down the street, and took a trolley-car. "If he hasn't moved, we'll find him. There's an address inside."

"Where did he get so much money, Gran'ma?"

She plucked his sleeve. "It stands in the Bible, you shouldn't be jealous of nobody, rich or poor. From you, Morton, I don't want to hear that."

When they got off the trolley-car she was surprised at the neighborhood. Trees lined the walks, and signs "Keep Off the Grass" policed the lawns.

Mama Kramer talked to herself. "Because a man comes to the houses, it doesn't mean that he has to sleep in the fields."

She studied the numbers on the buildings. "Department buildings!" she reflected. "He must live in a basement. Poor man."

They found the address. The head of a lion adorned the doorknob. The bells and the letterboxes were inside the hall, where there was room enough for roller-skating.

"Bock? Where's Bock?" She pressed a pearl button.

A buzz answered. She opened the door, and they walked up the carpeted stairs.

On the second floor a man appeared. "Hallo?" he called. "Who is it?"

"Mr. Bock!"

"Yes, yes?"

She hurried up, breathing rapidly. "Oh, Mr. Bock!"

His cheeks flamed. His Adam's apple went up and down like a dumbwaiter. Behind him in the apartment Mama Kramer saw colored pictures on the wall, a tall lamp, a grand piano, and a cocktail table with an onyx top.

"Who are you?" he asked. "What do you want?"

"Mr. Bock," said Mama Kramer. "I think maybe you lost something."

"Who is it, Sam?" A feminine voice rose, and a young woman's face peered over his shoulder.

"Nothing, nothing!" he mumbled. "People come for a few pennies."

"Hey, you!" said Morton.

"Quiet!" Mama Kramer commanded. "Mr. Bock, did you lose something?"

"What do they want, Sam?"

"I'll deal with them," he told her. Turning to Mama Kramer he asked sternly, "What kind craziness is this?" He put his hand in his pocket. "Charity? A few pennies I can give you!"

"Mr. Bock," Mama Kramer went on softly. Her face was as grey as her hair, and she had to cling to the banister railing. "I found something." She took out the little pocketbook. "Maybe it's yours. Maybe?"

On Mr. Bock's forehead beads of perspiration as large as dimes broke out, and rolled down his brow. His eyes threatened to burst from their sockets. He put one hand to his throat to keep his Adam's apple from bobbing.

"Sam, give them something and send them away," the woman pouted. "The chicken is getting cold."

"Remember good," Mama Kramer advised him in a low tone. "Is this yours, Mr. Bock?"

"No, no!"

"You never saw it?"

"What are you talking about?" he cried hoarsely. "I never saw it. And I never saw you before—in my whole life."

"Sa-am!" called the woman.

Mama Kramer sighed. Slowly she put the pocketbook back in her handbag. "Ah, it must be another Mr. Bock. Excuse me, please. Must be a lot of Bocks in the world."

"Yes. No," he mumbled. The agony was written in his eyes. The veins in his temples were little blue worms.

"Sa-am!"

He stepped behind his threshold and shut the door.

Mama Kramer descended the stairs.

"He's nuts!" Morton exploded.

"Behave!" she murmured. "The man is not who we thought he was."

"I'd know him for a mile!"

She shrugged. "Two people with the same name? It can happen."

She stopped to buy Morton an ice-cream cone and herself a small glass of strawberry soda-water.

The next week Mama Kramer gave her beggars a raise. From two cents to a nickel, and from a nickel to a dime, all except the Friday man. She also made donations to several charitable societies.

On Sunday morning there was a knock on the kitchen door. Mama Kramer opened.

It was Mr. Bock. He smiled with his teeth, and held his derby in his hand.

"Come in, come in, Mr. Bock!" said Mama Kramer.

He entered and seated himself. Silently she set out his boiled egg and his cup of coffee. He ate his breakfast, but did not seem to enjoy it.

"Last week," he began nervously, when he had pushed his cup back, "I think I lost something. It couldn't be that you found it here, Mrs. Kramer?"

Mama Kramer picked a wooden sock from her basket of mending and studied

a hole in the toe. "What is it, Mr. Bock? You lost something?"

His fingers trembled. Two red spots glowed in his cheeks. "A little pocketbook!" he blurted out. "A little pocketbook from the dime store. I lost it."

She pursed her mouth. "A pocketbook? Hm. Was something in it?"

"No, nothing." He began to cough. "Cha! Cha! Nothing. A few pennies, maybe. That's all."

She searched her mind. "A pocketbook with a few pennies? No, Mr. Bock," Mama Kramer replied sweetly. "Such a pocketbook I didn't find. It was only a few pennies? You're sure?"

"I'm sure," he returned. His voice hollow.

"How sorry I am, Mr. Bock!" she went on. "Maybe you should ask in another house."

He rose, his face waxen now. "It's not the pennies," he mumbled tearfully. "My old father gave me the purse."

Do not be distressed," Mama Kramer touched his arm. "Please." She went to the cupboard. "Here! Here is a pocketbook you can have, Mr. Bock. Once I kept money in it."

He seized the pocketbook. A shudder passed over him. It was empty. "I—I—have a rich brother, Mama Kramer. He looks like me. He lives in a fine home. He has a nice wife. But it's not me." He was shaking like a leaf.

"Then if you have a rich brother you shouldn't go to the houses, Mr. Bock." She hesitated. "Have you found yet a wife?"

He looked up in alarm. "N-no!"

"Maybe yet I'll catch you a widow," she added absently.

He looked at her in alarm. "Thank you, thank you!" He fled.

Papa Kramer raised his head from his newspaper. "What kind dramas do you play here? The man looks unhealthy."

"He is, Avram," she returned. "He has a sickness." She picked up the sock, and began to hum.

"You and your beggars!" he grumbled. "They bring you nothing but heartache."

"All right," Mama Kramer sighed. "So just to please you, Avram, after this, we won't have a Sunday beggar no more."

Mr. Justice Murphy and Racism

By Edward S. Feldman

THE phenomenon of anti-Semitism is a part of the pattern of prejudice and discrimination against all minorities. An attack upon prejudice and discrimination at any point is a blow struck against anti-Semitism, as well. We do well, therefore, to look about us and to study every front where a battle is being fought against these evils, whether the minority group at the moment is composed of Negroes, Catholics, Jehovah's Witnesses, Mexicans, or Jews. The Jew must not remain aloof in a given situation merely because the Jew is not one of the protagonists. In the damning phrase of Saul Alinsky none of us can afford to be a "Mr. But."

There are lessons to be learned from every skirmish involving prejudice and discrimination; new weapons to be applied in fighting them, new techniques developed in stifling them at birth. And there is encouragement to be gained when a person in a high place reveals that the struggle is acknowledged and that he understands the issues which underlie it.

Except for a comparatively small group of lawyers and students of economics, politics, and history, the work carried on by the Supreme Court of the United States seems far away and ivory-towerish. The great controversies which raged over the constitutionality of social legislation are no more. Less dramatic, though not less important, matters remain for decision. (There are divisions of opinion, to be sure, but they usually relate to methods and not to objectives.) The lay public does not wait from Monday to

Monday for the Court's ukases with bated breath as it did ten and twelve years ago.

Thus the public misses some of the newsworthy events that occur in the work of the Court and in the work of its Justices. Many questions are still being decided which will affect us in the years ahead, and many of the opinions will become inseparable and invaluable parts of our literature and heritage. But too long a time passes before this work is brought to the attention of people generally. Consequently, I should like to focus that attention upon some of the things which one of the Justices, Mr. Justice Murphy, has been saying on behalf of the pressing problem of racial equality; words which, while not the adopted opinions of the Court, have undoubtedly helped shape the ultimate form of those opinions. They are words which are so stirring, and so deeply cognizant of the meaning and substance of democracy, that to leave them buried in the musty volumes of the *United States Reports* would be an injustice to those to whom these things mean so much.

Mr. Justice Murphy ascended the bench of the United States Supreme Court on January 18, 1940. It was not until 1943 that he had occasion to speak out at length on behalf of his belief in racial equality as a cornerstone of American democracy. Before the Court was the case of one Kiyoshi Hirabayashi, a young American of Japanese descent who was a senior at the University of Washington. Shortly after Pearl Harbor, certain areas on the Pacific Coast had been designated

as military areas by the commanding general. He had done this because of the very imminent possibility of invasion, and under the authority of a Presidential Executive Order and an Act of Congress. In Seattle, as in other places, a curfew had been announced for "all persons of Japanese ancestry residing or being within the geographical limits of Military Area No. 1." Hirabayashi, believing that to obey the order would be to waive his rights as an American citizen, disobeyed the curfew order, and was arrested, tried, and found guilty of a misdemeanor. He was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. The matter finally came to the Supreme Court because the defendant claimed that Congress had unlawfully delegated its power and that the discrimination practiced against citizens of Japanese ancestry as against those of other ancestries was in violation of the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution.

The Court was unanimous in upholding the action of the commanding general, and Chief Justice Stone wrote the opinion of the Court. He pointed out that there were social, political, and economic conditions, which had intensified the solidarity of the Japanese and which had "in a large measure prevented their assimilation as an integral part of the white population." Therefore, no matter what the Court thought now as a result of hindsight, it could not question the military commander's belief that some harm might come from these citizens before the loyal could be separated from the disloyal, and it found that the curfew order as promulgated at that time, that place, and under the circumstances in this case was not an unreasonable effectuation of a constitutional delegation of power by the Congress and the Executive acting together.

Justices Douglas, Murphy, and Rutledge wrote concurring opinions expressing certain qualifications. Mr. Justice Murphy said that while the military commander may employ measures necessary and appropriate to provide for the com-

mon defense and to wage war, it still did not follow that the "broad guaranties of the Bill of Rights and other provisions of the Constitution protecting essential liberties are suspended by the mere existence of a state of war." He went on to say that:

Distinctions based on color and ancestry are utterly inconsistent with our traditions and ideals. They are at variance with the principles for which we are now waging war. We cannot close our eyes to the fact that for centuries the Old World has been torn by racial and religious conflicts and has suffered the worst kind of anguish because of inequality of treatment for different groups. There was one law for one and a different law for another. Nothing is written more firmly into our law than the compact of the Plymouth voyagers to have just and equal laws. To say that any group cannot be assimilated is to admit that the great American experiment has failed, that our way of life has failed when confronted with the normal attachment of certain groups to the lands of their forefathers. As a nation we embrace many groups, some of them among the oldest settlements in our midst from which they have isolated themselves for religious and cultural reason.

Today is the first time, so far as I am aware, that we have sustained a substantial restriction of the personal liberty of citizens of the United States based upon the accident of race or ancestry. Under the curfew order here challenged no less than 70,000 American citizens have been placed under a special ban and deprived of their liberties because of their particular racial inheritance. In this sense it bears a melancholy resemblance to the treatment accorded to members of the Jewish race in Germany and in other parts of Europe. The result is the creation in this country of two classes of citizens for the purposes of a critical and perilous hour—to sanction discrimination. In my opinion this goes to the very brink of constitutional power...

In voting for affirmance of the judgment I do not wish to be understood as intimating that the military authorities in time of war are subject to no restraints whatsoever, or that they are free to impose any restrictions they may choose on the rights and liberties of individual citizens or groups of citizens in those places which may be designated as "military areas." While this Court sits, it has the inescapable duty of seeing that the mandates of the Constitution are obeyed. That duty exists in time of war as well as in time of peace, and in its performance we must not forget that few indeed have been the invasions upon essential liberties which have not been accompanied by pleas of urgent necessity advanced in good faith by responsible men.

As this case dealt with only a single aspect of the situation, it was inevitable

that another phase of the West Coast restrictions should come to the Court. A year and a half later the conviction of Fred Toyosaburo Korematsu was up for review. Korematsu was also an American citizen of Japanese descent, and he had violated an order excluding all persons of such descent from San Leandro, California. Mr. Justice Black upheld the conviction, speaking for a majority of six judges. The opinion of this great liberal is worth studying carefully for it reveals the difficulty confronting the Court:

It should be noted, to begin with, that all legal restrictions which curtail the civil rights of a single racial group are immediately suspect. That is not to say that all such restrictions are unconstitutional. It is to say that courts must subject them to the most rigid scrutiny. Pressing public necessity may sometimes justify the existence of such restrictions; racial antagonism never can. . . .

We uphold the exclusion order as of the time it was made and when the petitioner violated it. In doing so, we are not unmindful of the hardships imposed by it upon a large group of American citizens. But hardships are part of war, and war is an aggregation of hardships. All citizens alike, both in and out of uniform feel the impact of war in greater or lesser measures. Citizenship has its responsibilities as well as its privileges, and in time of war the burden is always heavier. Compulsory exclusion of large groups of citizens from their homes, except under circumstances of direct emergency and peril, is inconsistent with our basic governmental institutions. But when under conditions of modern warfare our shores are threatened by hostile forces, the power to protect must be commensurate with the threatened dangers. . . .

To cast this case into outlines of racial prejudice, without reference to the real military dangers which were presented, merely confuses the issue. Korematsu was not excluded from the Military Area because of hostility to him or his race. He was excluded because we are at war with the Japanese Empire, because the properly constituted military authorities feared an invasion of our West Coast and felt constrained to take proper security measures, because they decided that the military urgency of the situation demanded that all citizens of Japanese ancestry be segregated from the West Coast temporarily, and finally because Congress, reposing its confidence in this time of war in our military leaders—as inevitably it must—determined that they should have the power to do just this. There was evidence of disloyalty on the part of some, the military authorities considered that the need for action was great, and time was short. We cannot—by

availing ourselves of the calm perspective of hindsight — now say that at that time these actions were unjustified.

Mr. Justice Frankfurter wrote a special concurring opinion, but Justices Roberts, Murphy, and Jackson each wrote vigorous dissenting opinions. Mr. Justice Murphy's opinion is a priceless sociological document, but unfortunately, space does not permit quoting the entire opinion.

This time, he said, the order of the military commander fell over the brink of constitutional power into the "ugly abyss of racism." While the Court cannot lightly substitute its judgment for the judgment of the military, yet, he felt, there are limitations on the discretion of the military authority, especially when martial law has not been declared. "Individuals must not be left impoverished of their constitutional rights on a plea of military necessity that has neither substance nor support." Stating that the judicial test of the right to deprive an individual of any of his constitutional rights on a plea of military necessity is whether the deprivation is reasonably related to a public danger so immediate, imminent, and impending as not to admit of delay and not to permit the intervention of ordinary constituted processes to alleviate the dangers, he declared that the order here involved clearly did not meet that test. He called the order a "racial restriction" and termed it "one of the most sweeping and complete deprivations of constitutional rights in the history of this nation in the absence of martial law."

Mr. Justice Murphy then proceeded to attack the foundation of the order which, he said, was the belief that *all* persons of Japanese ancestry have a dangerous tendency to commit sabotage and espionage and to aid our Japanese enemy in other ways. "It is difficult to believe that reason, logic or experience could be marshalled in support of such an assumption."

He then demonstrated that the erroneous assumption of racial guilt rather than bona fide military necessity motivated the exclusion order. "Justification for the ex-

clusion is sought, instead, mainly upon questionable racial and sociological grounds not ordinarily within the realm of expert military judgment, supplemented by certain semi-military conclusions drawn from an unwarranted use of circumstantial evidence." The opinion then proceeded to examine these grounds and to reject them in memorable and moving words:

The main reasons relied upon by those responsible for the forced evacuation, therefore, do not prove a reasonable relation between the group characteristics of Japanese-Americans and the dangers of invasion, sabotage and espionage. The reasons appear, instead, to be largely an accumulation of much of the misinformation, half-truths and insinuations that for years have been directed against Japanese-Americans by people with racial and economic prejudices—the same people who have been among the foremost advocates of evacuation. A military judgment based upon such racial and sociological considerations is not entitled to the great weight ordinarily given the judgments based upon strictly military considerations. Especially is this so when every charge relative to race, religion, culture, geographical location, and legal and economic status has been substantially discredited by independent studies made by experts in these matters.

The military necessity which is essential to the validity of the evacuation order thus resolves itself into a few intimations that certain individuals actively aided the enemy, from which it is inferred that the entire group of Japanese-Americans could not be trusted to be or remain loyal to the United States. No one denies, of course, that there were some disloyal persons of Japanese descent on the Pacific Coast who did all in their power to aid their ancestral land. Similar disloyal activities have been engaged in by many persons of German, Italian and even more pioneer stock in our country. But to infer that examples of individual disloyalty prove group disloyalty and justify discriminatory action against the entire group is to deny that under our system of law individual guilt is the sole basis for deprivation of rights. Moreover this inference, which is at the very heart of the evacuation orders, has been used in support of the abhorrent and despicable treatment of minority groups by the dictatorial tyrannies which this nation is now pledged to destroy. To give constitutional sanction to that inference in this case, however well-intentioned may have been the military command on the Pacific Coast, is to adopt one of the cruelest of the rationales used by our enemies to destroy the dignity of the individual and to encourage and open the door to discriminatory actions against other minority groups in the passions of tomorrow...

I dissent, therefore, from this legalization of

racism. Racial discrimination in any form and in any degree has no justifiable part whatever in our democratic way of life. It is unattractive in any setting but it is utterly revolting among a free people who have embraced the principles set forth in the Constitution of the United States. All residents of this nation are in kin in some way by blood or culture to a foreign land. Yet they are primarily and necessarily a part of the new and distinct civilization of the United States. They must accordingly be treated at all times as the heirs of the American experiment and as entitled to all the rights and freedoms guaranteed by the Constitution.

On the same day the Court ruled upon the plea of Mitsuye Endo. She was an admittedly loyal citizen of Japanese descent, and had been detained in a Relocation Center (Mr. Justice Roberts had referred to the Centers as "concentration camps.") On her plea for a writ of habeas corpus she was released. Mr. Justice Douglas thought that power to detain a concededly loyal citizen of Japanese descent could not be implied as a useful or convenient step in the evacuation program. But in his brief concurring opinion Mr. Justice Murphy went further. He said he was of the view that detention in Relocation Centers of citizens of Japanese ancestry *regardless* of loyalty "is not only unauthorized by Congress or the Executive but is another example of the unconstitutional resort to racism inherent in the entire evacuation program."

Mr. Justice Murphy has spoken eloquently on behalf of racial equality in other settings when it has been denied by private citizens clothed with a certain amount of public authority. We are becoming increasingly aware that there exist so-called "private governments" over which the individual has little power or control, and which affect him much more directly than "public governments." At least when his public government deprives him of his rights arbitrarily and without due process of law a citizen can invoke the Constitution on his own behalf. When a union or some other private association acts arbitrarily, that may be another matter or ineffective legal redress only may be available. Herbert

Northrup in his thoroughly documented study, *Organized Labor and the Negro*, and Saul D. Alinsky in his recent *Rev-
eille for Radicals* have set out the shameful treatment accorded Negroes by some labor unions.

The case of *Steele v. Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company and others* involved the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen which is the exclusive bargaining agency for these crafts with certain southeastern railroads as provided by the Railway Labor Act. The majority of firemen employed by the carriers are white and are members of the Brotherhood. However, a substantial minority are Negroes, but by the constitution and ritual of the union they are excluded from membership. Yet the law requires that they be represented by the Brotherhood. Without notifying these employees the Brotherhood negotiated amendments to its contracts with the roads so as to provide for eventual exclusion of Negro firemen by a discriminatory method of promotion. As a result Steele, a Negro, was deprived of his opportunity for a more desirable job and, in fact, was assigned to more arduous and less remunerative work. This suit followed to enjoin enforcement of the new contracts.

The late Chief Justice Stone held that since the Brotherhood derived its authority to represent the craft from Congress it had certain duties it must therefore perform. While the law does not deny to such a bargaining labor organization the right to determine eligibility to its membership, it does require the union in collective bargaining and in making contracts with the carriers, to represent non-union or minority union members of the craft without hostile discrimination, fairly, impartially, and in good faith. And while variations in the contracts may be made due to differences in seniority, type of work performed, the competence and skill with which it is performed, and such other matters, yet the right to have such differences "does not

include the authority to make among members of the craft discriminations not based on such relevant differences. Here the discriminations based on race alone are obviously irrelevant and invidious. Congress plainly did not undertake to authorize bargaining representatives to make such discriminations."

Yet, though this opinion upheld the right of the Negro firemen to be represented in good faith by a union which was authorized to act in their behalf, Mr. Justice Murphy was not quite satisfied that it went far enough to protect the rights which had been circumscribed. Read his concurring opinion which, though couched in terms of the factual situation before him, must serve as testament for those who fight to keep the true meaning of equality of opportunity in America alive and who refuse to let that ideal dwindle into a mere "magic of lexicography."

The economic discrimination against Negroes practiced by the Brotherhood and the railroad under color of Congressional authority raises a grave constitutional issue that should be squarely faced.

The utter disregard for the dignity and the well-being of colored citizens shown by this record is so pronounced as to demand the invocation of constitutional condemnation. To decide the case and to analyze the statute solely upon the basis of legal niceties, while remaining mute and placid as to the obvious and oppressive deprivation of constitutional guarantees, is to make the judicial function something less than it should be.

The constitutional problem inherent in this instance is clear. Congress, through the Railway Labor Act, has conferred upon the union selected by a majority of a craft or class or railway workers the power to represent the entire craft or class in all collective bargaining matters. While such a union is essentially a private organization, its power to represent and bind all members of a class or craft is derived solely from Congress. The Act contains no language which directs the manner in which the bargaining representative shall perform its duties. But it cannot be assumed that Congress meant to authorize the representative to act so as to ignore rights guaranteed by the Constitution. Otherwise the Act would bear the stigma of unconstitutionality under the Fifth Amendment in this respect. For that reason I am willing to read the statute as not permitting or allowing any action by the bargaining representative in the exercise of its delegated powers which would in effect violate the

constitutional rights of individuals.

If the Court's construction of the statute rests upon this basis, I agree. But I am not sure that such is the basis. Suffice it to say, however, that this constitutional issue cannot be lightly dismissed. The cloak of racism surrounding the actions of the Brotherhood in refusing membership to Negroes and in entering into and enforcing agreements discriminating against them, all under the guise of Congressional authority, still remains. No statutory interpretation can erase this ugly example of economic cruelty against colored citizens of the United States. Nothing can destroy the fact that the accident of birth has been used as the basis to abuse individual rights by an organization purporting to act in conformity with its Congressional mandate. Any attempt to interpret the Act must take that fact into account and must

realize that the constitutionality of the statute in this respect depends upon the answer given.

The Constitution voices its disapproval whenever economic discrimination is applied under authority of law against any race, creed or color. A sound democracy cannot allow such discrimination to go unchallenged. Racism is far too virulent today to permit the slightest refusal, in the light of a Constitution that abhors it, to expose and condemn it whenever it appears in the course of a statutory interpretation.

It is upon such interpretations of the Bill of Rights by our highest judicial authority that we may base our hopes for improved race relations and justice to minority groups.

SAMSON

by Allen Kanfer

For God is righteous Samson said, and bent
To pull the temple down about his head:
The terror stricken Phillistines who fled
Declared the visitation had been sent
To punish them for that their watch was lax:
And better to remind the foolish ones
Of Gaza not to keep alive the sons
Of captive Hebrews till their spirits wax:
Hereafter, their decrees went forth to say,
Destroy them ere the stubble on their cheeks
Should grow an hour: give them no time for word
Or sign: give them no wretched peace to weigh
Their miseries, lest they should grow too weak
For us, and calling, "Lord, our God," be heard.

Midwestern Commentary

by ELMER GERTZ

THE Julius Rosenwald Fund has issued a review for the two-year period 1944-1946, which makes exciting reading for all persons interested in inter-group relations. The chief activities of the Fund during the period in question were: (1) education of both Negro and white teachers for service in the rural South; (2) awarding of fellowships to white Southerners and to Negroes, north and south, for special promise and achievements; (3) operation of a greatly expanded program to improve race relations in the entire country. This is an ambitious program and a necessary one.

"The issue today," according to the urban Dr. Edwin Embree, "is not simply to provide opportunities for a neglected segment of the people. The issue is to open the way for Negroes—and for all groups—to receive the common services provided for all people; and to participate as common citizens in all phases of our life. On this crucial issue of American democracy the Fund is now concentrating."

To that end, the Fund has made appropriations to the following organizations, among others: American Council on Race Relations, American Friends Service Committee, American Veterans Committee, Catholic Labor Alliance, Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, Metropolitan Housing Council, Public Housing Association, National Urban League, N.A.A.C.P., Roosevelt college, Y.M.C.A.

These names and others like them are the significant ones in the Midwest in the upholding of the banner of equality. They are those who are respecting the

future of "an America that is promises."

Send for the report to the Fund offices in Chicago.

* * * * *

The Rosenwald Fund has spent over twenty millions of dollars in its educational campaign against racial intolerance. It is now down to its last \$1,500,000, according to its president, Dr. Edwin Embree, who also heads the Mayor's Commission on Human Relations. Julius Rosenwald's theory was that money was to be spent in good works, and not simply accumulated. He was not interested in perpetual monuments. The Fund he created has helped considerably in raising up an army of informed fighters against bigotry. Its usefulness will be apparent even after its moneys are all expended.

* * * * *

Forty of the leading reformed Rabbis visited eighty cities throughout the country during December, as part of the program of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations and the Chicago Federation of Reform Synagogues. Called the American Jewish Cavalcade, the purpose of the tour was to impart a truer appreciation of Reform institutions and the coordinated religious emphasis program. The Cavalcade coincided with the hundredth anniversary of the coming to this country of Isaac Mayer Wise, the founder of American Reform.

* * * * *

Browning once wrote a devastating attack on "The Lost Leader," one who left the modest company of the righteous for a handful of silver and a ribbon denoting some sort of empty honor. Ribbons, whether blue or white, medals, awards, pa-

per honors, mean much more than the cynical may suppose. It is not for naught that armies and navies award Purple Hearts, Flying Crosses, Distinguished Service Medals and the like. Even simple and modest souls are rededicated to the service of their better angels when their deeds are thus commemorated. When *The Sun Salutes* Joe Doakes, as it does daily in Chicago, he becomes a better citizen.

* * * * *

The Airport Homes affair is now history. Most people will never know how close Chicago was to a race war, similar to Detroit's Sojourner Truth catastrophe. It was only the firm determination and ceaseless vigilance of many men and women that prevented real tragedy. The Mayor's Commission on Human Relations, the Chicago Housing Authority and the Chicago Council against Racial and Religious Discrimination deserve particular commendation.

One of the truly significant events was the issuance of a statement by the Inter-Bar Council of Chicago in which the perpetrators of the acts of bigotry in the West Lawn community were strongly condemned, and the authorities were urged to prosecute all those conspiring to prevent any person from exercising his right to equal housing opportunity. The significance of the statement lies in the fact that the Inter-Bar Council consists of official representatives from Polish, Lithuanian, Jewish and Negro Bar Associations and the National Lawyers Guild. This writer was privileged to be present when the proposed statement was discussed. Seldom have I heard more frank and deeply earnest expressions of view. In the end, all were agreed that the last best hope for democracy is that all of our people unite in the firm resolve to protect the rights of even the least person and the smallest minority.

It is hoped that the Inter-Bar Council will soon win the adherence of the Bohemian, Nordic, Italian, Catholic and other national bar groups in Chicago. Thus any mischief inherent in the nationalistic fer-

vor of these small groups will be sublimated in the spirit of amity and cooperation which rules the Inter-Bar Council.

* * * * *

The Decalogue Society of Lawyers, an organization of Jewish lawyers, is currently sponsoring a national essay contest among law students on the theme: "With due regard for the constitutional guarantees of freedom of expression, what can be done to protect the community from tension and violence arising from defamation or abuse of its minority groups, such as Negroes, Catholics and Jews?" A timely contest and subject, indeed. Much interest is being aroused in the contest. Judge Ulysses S. Schwartz is chairman of the committee of judges, which also include Judge Harry M. Fisher and Judge Julius Miner.

* * * * *

Chicago was one of the first cities in the United States to have a municipal race relations committee. The bloody racial strife in Detroit, Harlem and elsewhere prompted the Mayor to appoint his committee, now known as the Mayor's Commission on Human Relations. In a series of conferences on home front unity, in which several score organizations participated, a Charter of Human Relations ("A Dumbarton Oaks for Chicago") was unanimously adopted. This charter sets forth as the official policy of the community the complete outlawing of discrimination on account of race, color or creed. Standing committees on housing, employment, health and welfare, education, and law and order have been set up to achieve this goal in collaboration with the paid staff of the commission. Swamped with appeals for investigation and assistance, the commission has recently been compelled to adopt the policy of acting only as an over-all over-seer. The actual servicing of complaints has been declared to be the problem of existing civic organizations, such as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the American Jewish Congress, the Chicago Civil Lib-

erties Committee and the A.C.L.U. Meanwhile, the first Civil Rights Unit established in any Corporation Counsel's office has been announced here by Barnett Hodes. It remains to be seen how far and how fast the unit will go. The Attorney General's office has a civil rights division; but its existence has been kept relatively secret. The Governor has an Inter-racial Commission; but no Negro is sure of accommodations in the capital of Illinois. The commission itself had difficulty a short time ago in finding a meeting place because of the Negroes on its staff. This is the state of democracy in the area which the *Chicago Tribune* insists is the real heart of America, the sole keeper of domestic virtue.

But there's always hope. An Illinois Council for an FEPC has been formed again, now that the General Assembly is in session. More than twenty leading organizations are affiliated. More are expected to join. If no one tries to steal the show, something may be accomplished if not at this session, then at a later one. The federal FEPC is dead. The present hope is for state commissions patterned after the one set up by President Roosevelt and those adopted in New York and Massachusetts. If Ohio, the home state of Bricker and Taft, follows suit, than anything can happen anywhere. Taft once said he was for an FEPC in principle. Being for anything "in principle" is akin to Mark Anthony's celebrated funeral oration in effect.

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Anywhere in the Middle West those two itinerant preachers of national unity, Louis Adamic and Carey McWilliams, are likely to appear at any time. Described by the irate Winston Churchill as "that bloody Balkan bastard," Adamic, like McWilliams, is a real friend of man. He is here occasionally to attend the board meetings of the American Council on Race Relations or he may be found visiting with his compatriots in Gary, or chatting with Jack Raper in Cleveland. At dinner he told us that he may abandon

his Nation of Nations series. "I've made my point," he said. "Now let's see if we can achieve cultural harmony without merely talking about it."

The other day we attended a Lawyers Guild luncheon with Carey McWilliams. The subject was the Columbia, Tennessee, episode. Maurice Weaver himself addressed the meeting on his experiences while successfully defending the rights of black men in a southern court-room. Weaver is some atonement for Bilbo, Rankin and company. He is as typically Southern in his ways as those messengers of darkness. He indicates that all is not lost south of the Mason and Dixon line.

The next evening Weaver spoke at a dinner in honor of Ira Latimer, the Savonarola of Middle Western Civil Liberties.

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We realized again the national dimensions of the restrictive covenants problem when Loren Miller, the Los Angeles attorney who won the famous Sugar Hill case, visited us in Chicago while en route to the convention of the National Bar Association in Detroit. There he was to address a panel on restrictive covenants. A test case on such covenants is before the Michigan Supreme Court. The American Jewish Congress and the National Lawyers Guild have intervened in the proceedings. There are over twenty restrictive covenant cases pending in Illinois. But California, of course, leads the procession, with more than forty cases, in most of which Loren Miller is of counsel. The real push is to get the United States Supreme Court finally to pass directly on the matter. It is felt that the court will not dare to outrage the world's millions of colored people by sustaining practices which fly in the teeth of our United Nations pretensions. At any rate, Justice Murphy, who hails from Detroit, center of the racial time-bomb, and Justice Rutledge, who comes from Iowa, are expected to speak out in ringing terms. There is a legal drama to watch.

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During the Century of Progress Exposition, a pseudo-gallant named Italo Balbo led a squadron of Fascist aviators in flying from Italy to Chicago. They were feted like heroes by a community that insisted upon glorifying Mussolini's ruffians because they talked big and made the trains run on schedule. A little strip of a street in the downtown area was named after Balbo—and it has retained that name since then despite a mounting wave of protests. Years ago, Paul Douglas tried unsuccessfully to remove the black name. Then came Fascism's World War, with Italy stabbing prostrate France in the back and warring against us. Loud-talk-

ing Mussolini was weak, but he killed many of our best men. Balbo, meanwhile, was shot down by his own compatriots, probably because he aspired too high in a too personal way. Now there is renewed and more determined clamor that a more fitting name be given to the street than that of a Fascist castor-oil specialist. Curiously enough, the Italian community here is divided over the issue. A group of politicians, some of whom once extolled Fascism insist that the present name be retained. Another group, led by that veteran liberal, Judge George L. Quilici, insist that there are no romantic or redeemed Fascists; that the name of Balbo must go.

JONAH

by Allen Kanfer

Not the tempestuous but harmless beast
Upon the bosom of the sea drank deep
And took me into darkness, there to weep
For son and disobedience: the least
Of my afflictions would have been to lose
Myself forever in behemoth's grave.
He that would flee, whom God asks to
be brave,
Finds dream or whale a pitiable ruse
To shake the holy burden. He must rise
Upon his feet and walk beneath the sun
Where every foe shall battle with him:
run
Upon the cutting stones, and fix his eyes
Upon the distant summit. He that flees
Will harvest neither peace nor prophecies.

NEW YORK NOTES

By VERO

THIS REPORTER mourns the death of three outstanding Jews. They were foreign-born, but loved New York to which they had fled from the oppressors: Jacob Fishman came from a small town in Poland, Alexander Haim Pekelis from Odessa, and Pierre Dreyfus was a Parisian. Fishman was seventy when he passed away in Basle, Switzerland, where he had been covering the 22nd World Zionist Congress for the *Morning Journal* of which he was a founder. For decades he was one of New York's most respected Yiddish writers and columnists whose knowledge, sincerity and tolerance were widely appreciated. An ardent follower of Herzl's philosophy, he rarely missed a Zionist congress or conference. He was the first to publish Herzl's Diaries, and he also deserves credit for having designed the first typewriter with Hebrew characters. The column he wrote for the *Morning Journal* is now in the charge of Aaron Zeitlin, a distinguished journalist and well-known Yiddish and Hebrew poet.

Professor Pekelis was only forty-four when, returning from Basle, he lost his life in a plane disaster over Ireland. His was a life of flight and study, as though his own existence mirrored the story of the Jewish people, "forschen und wandern, denken und dulden, lernen und leiden," as old Heinrich Graetz once put it. After studying law at Odessa, he was forced to emigrate to Italy; there he taught at the University of Rome and published several important volumes; Mussolini's racial policy made him seek refuge in the United States where he became associated with the New School for

Social Research and the American Jewish Congress. Serving as Legal Consultant to the AJC's Commission on Law and Social Action, he prepared the legal briefs in the cases against the *New York Daily News* and against segregation in California schools—briefs that were powerful examples of liberal and progressive interpretation of American law. Pekelis perished only a few weeks after becoming an American citizen. . .

Another victim of the same plane disaster was Pierre Dreyfus. He had fled from Vichy France to New York, and after the liberation of his native country he had returned to Paris, leaving his son, a student in a Southern college. Monsieur Dreyfus was travelling to the United States when the crash occurred. This reporter had several occasions to talk with the son of the famous Captain Dreyfus. Pierre was nine years old when the prisoner on Devil's Island was permitted to return to France for a new trial: "I remember," the younger Dreyfus told me, "that our good father, whose hair had turned white, was terribly emaciated; he looked very tired and exhausted. In fact he was so frail that his physician predicted he would not live long. Fortunately, even physicians can err, and father lived for 36 years."

The late Pierre Dreyfus, a manufacturer of wires and cables, was very active in Jewish affairs, as a director of the Ecole de Travail, a Paris School at which Jewish orphans received free technical training, of the French ORT, of the OSE, and as a member of the World Jewish Congress.

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Some time ago we paid tribute to the late labor leader, Sidney Hillman. Now we learn that a fund to set up a Sidney Hillman Memorial Foundation was recently started here by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union of which he was president. The foundation will provide university scholarships for trade unionist and exchange scholarships with foreign countries. It will also provide a series of Sidney Hillman lectures and prizes for outstanding books on labor and social problems. A campaign is being conducted to raise a million dollars for these noble purposes, and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union has donated \$100,000 from its own treasury, Jacob Potofsky, Hillman's successor to the presidency of the Union, announced recently. Hats off to the ACWU!

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A few weeks ago the National Council of Jewish Women bestowed upon Mrs. David M. Levy the title of the "Jewish Woman of the Year." This indefatigable New Yorker is a trustee of the Julius Rosenwald Fund, established by her late father to advance opportunities for Negroes; she is on the Board of the Directors of the Joint Distribution Committee, and President of the Citizens Committee on Children of New York City. However, she earned her title principally for the magnificent job she has been doing in both contributing to and serving actively as fund-raiser in the current \$100,000,000 drive of the United Jewish Appeal. She went to Europe to study the plight of the Jewish survivors of concentration camps, and then traveled throughout the United States, telling the leaders of the Jewish communities what she had seen and what needed to be done. Under her leadership the National Women's Division of the U.J.A. has mobilized more than 200 community women's divisions throughout the country to help plan a better life for the 150,000 Jewish children and the 1,250,000 other Jewish survivors of Nazism.

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I was invited to a luncheon given in honor of Dr. Shlomoh Kaplansky, director of the Hatechnion Haivri be-Haifa, the Hebrew Institute of Technology at Haifa. Dr. Kaplansky is now traveling throughout the country to inform American Jewry about the achievements of his school. The gray-haired, soft-spoken, scholarly messenger from Palestine talked persuasively about the "Technion," founded shortly before the first World War. The Institute's main pride is the Engineering College, consisting of three departments: Architecture, Civil Engineering, and Industrial Engineering; it is a full-fledged college, conferring degrees corresponding to the British degree of Bachelor of Science. Then there is the Institute's Technical School, modeled after the pattern of the American technical high school, and offering to graduates of elementary schools a three or four years' course combining a general education with practical technical training. Finally, there are Extension Courses, chiefly for refugees seeking vocational training, and for Palestinians desiring to cope with the mechanization and modernization of agriculture.

A substantial number of Americans are now enrolled at the Technion, namely, Jewish GI's studying there under the GI Bill of Rights. Among the teachers are many outstanding scientists from Europe and the United States. During the second World War, students and graduates of the Technion helped the Royal Engineers in Palestine in the building of roads and fortifications, and the Technion placed its workshops and technical staff at the disposal of the government for the repair of mechanized equipment. More than 25% of the students volunteered in the mechanical department of the Royal Air Force. When I asked Dr. Kaplansky to what extent the Technion's work was hampered by the present political crisis, he smiled faintly, remarking simply: "We continue to work."

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An ever increasing number of New Yorkers are now realizing that on Morningside Heights, just around the corner from Columbia University, there is a center of Jewish learning unmatched by any similar institution. We are, of course, referring to the Yiddish Scientific Institute which, through its very existence, reminds American Jewry that Yiddish is still very much alive. YIVO has just published its first "Annual of Jewish Social Science," an important volume of translations into English of work published by YIVO in the past few years.

Recently the director, Dr. Max Weinreich, solemnly opened an exhibition, *The Jews in Europe 1939-1946*, showing over 4,000 items. Even one who has lived under the yoke of Hitlerism for a while, or one who has seen the photos and movies revealing Nazi atrocities committed in the various horror camps of Festung Europa, will be stunned by what he can see at the YIVO. Among the objects are frightful, if technically superb, sketches made in the midst of hell by Jewish artists most of whom were doomed to perish, as well as naive pencil drawings by Jewish kids who depicted the only world they knew: hangings, floggings, and funerals. One can see a sober business letter in which a Berlin firm offers the murderers the "most modern" crematory furnaces of the Lublin type for "only" 4,500 Reichsmarks a piece. "Yiden—nekoma!" (Jews, take revenge!) are the only words of defiance scribbled by a dying prisoner on the wall. Exhibited is a piece of German shaving soap "RIF"—these harmless-sounding initials stand for the words: Reines Juedisches Fett; attached to it is an affidavit by a British bombardier who, as a prisoner of war, learned to know of a factory in Danzig that produced soap from human fat. On the other hand, the "optimistic" note is not completely lacking; one sees scores of paper manifestos issued by the Jewish Resistance Movement under the very noses of the Gestapo; photos showing Gentiles in Holland protesting against the

persecution of their Jewish fellow-townsmen; and the old Danish king's appeal to his people to act wisely and humanely. Worse than the war photos, however, are the snapshots taken at various DP's camps after V-E day, especially the one showing German police, fully equipped with modern weapons, hunting down Displaced Persons. For most Jews of Europe the hour of liberation has not yet arrived!

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Germany is not the world's only trouble spot, we have plenty of bias and discrimination in this country, even in the generally progressive city of New York. In Brooklyn we had recently a torchlight procession, accompanied by fifes and drums, and thereafter an "anti-Communist" rally, sponsored by one of the posts of the American Legion. Among the speakers was the arch-reactionary, former Congressman Hamilton Fish, who shared the platform with a John Henihan a former subscription salesman for *Social Justice*, and with other subversive elements. At the beginning of the meeting the Post Commander called out "Mary Quinn, where are you? Come on up here!" The Brooklyn school teacher, who had spread anti-Semitism and other "isms" in the class room, came to the platform and seated herself as the audience accorded her a thunderous ovation. As the noise subsided, the chairman told the meeting: "This lady could easily write a book relating to the organized minority," which remark evoked another ovation. Another speaker, in the course of his tirade, pointed to Miss Quinn, saying: "Here's a living example of the dastardly attempt to frame an innocent woman by an organized minority."

Fish and Henihan were also among the principal speakers who addressed the first meeting of a newly organized reactionary group, "Women for United States of America, Inc." It was noted that among those in attendance was Conrad Grieb, who in 1938 was an assistant to Seward

Collins, large-scale distributor of Nazi and Fascist literature in New York. Grieb was listed as a director of the Voters' Alliance of Americans of German Ancestry, a racial political bloc whose proposed corporate charter was rejected last summer by the New York Supreme Court. The literature distributed at the meeting included pamphlets defending the American quisling, Tyler Kent. Hamilton Fish autographed copies of his anti-Communist book which were sold at the meeting.

Incidentally, all progressive people in New York are worried about the gradual dismissal of all liberal commentators from the city's various broadcasting stations. Most deplorable is the disappearance from the air of Johannes Steel, an outspoken foe of double-talking and double-dealing in political affairs. Is it really a crime not to be a "Yes-Man"?

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Our school system is, in part, to be blamed for whatever racial or religious bias can be found in the United States. At a dinner at the Commodore Hotel held under auspices of the National Conference of Christians and Jews a report on textbooks and curricula of the nation's schools and college was submitted by a special committee of the American Council on Education, following a two-year survey. These are some of the points of criticism raised by the Committee:

Immigrants are referred to in patronizing terms; the later arrivals are called "new" immigrants and described as arriving in "hordes" or "swarms."

Three-fourth of the space allotted to Jews in histories deals with events prior to 70 A.D.; there are inaccuracies and generalizations and "little to offset the stereotypes of Jews which abound in contemporary social thinking."

Data concerning Negroes pertain generally to periods before 1876; books perpetuate "plantation" stereotypes; "hazy and confused ideas" concerning races in general are offered in textbooks;

The stereotype of the Mexican peon

is substituted for up-to-date information about the Spanish-speaking minority;

Offensive generalizations occur in references to the Asiatic minority, connoting racial inferiority and the "white man psychology";

Finally, too little opportunity is given for study of the problems of segregation and scapegoating.

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The ladies and gentlemen who submitted this interesting report will certainly agree with New York's critics who unequivocally disliked the new movie version of *Abie's Irish Rose*. It is worth while quoting from some of the challenging reviews the movie received in New York papers. "Why 'Abie's Irish Rose' should not have had a decent burial after all these years of revivals on the radio and screen is one of the mysteries of the movie business. What is an even greater mystery is the presentation of the current version of the Anne Nichols classic during a season when at least lip service is paid to tolerance. For the old jokes about the Jews and the Irish have not only been squeezed dry, they create at this stage in civilized progress a peculiar embarrassment among listeners. The jokes about racial prejudices which might have won laughs in the late '20s are now much open to question. The fun in *Abie's Irish Rose* was never authentic. At present it is tasteless" (*New York Herald Tribune*). "It is downright embarrassing to see characters upon the screen insulting each other because one happens to be a Jew and the other an Irish Catholic" (*New York Times*). "Examined from the most favorable possible viewpoint the producers of *Abie's Irish Rose* will look merely irresponsible, ignorant of their duties as citizens of the nation and the world, and panderers to anything for a laugh, and therefore, for a buck. . . Their deliberate choice of material harmful to the public welfare is in part mitigated by their thorough incompetence in developing it" (*PM*).

We reprint these comments in order

to demonstrate that, if some producers are irresponsible or immature, New York's critics certainly are not!

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In an earlier issue of our New York Notes we reviewed the play against anti-Semitism, "Home of the Brave," but less favorably another play on the same subject, "This, Too, Shall Pass." We remarked that the latter was somewhat disappointing as a play because there was too much preaching, too much rhetorical dialogue. Unfortunately the same charge can be held against the recent Broadway play, "Temper the Wind," by Edward Mabley and Leonard Mins. However, the message it carries is important enough. It attacks the serious blunders committed by our occupation army in Germany. Among the leading characters is an irresponsible industrialist from Chicago (no offense meant, my friends in the Windy City!) who unscrupulously helps the German owner of a plant in Bavaria evade the de-Nazification orders. For the Midwest tycoon wants to rebuild German industry as a weapon against Soviet Russia, and he gladly overlooks the fact that Nazis are holding all fat executive jobs in his friend's factories. However, these two doubtful characters are being challenged by an honest, upright American lieutenant colonel whose task it is to or-

ganize this section of Germany on democratic lines and who insists upon thorough de-Nazification. He, too, wants to see Germany rebuilt, but rebuilt upside down, with the Nazis at the bottom.

The authors, who claim to have written this play long before V-E Day, have stirred up a hornets' nest. They maintain that the Allies, who were tough and clever enough to win the war, will lose the peace unless they discard their present sluggishness and indifference in the administration of the Reich. In this play, most American soldiers are portrayed as demoralized, inexperienced fellows who do not realize why the war was fought (after all, the Germans are such nice and clean people!) and who desperately want to run home, regardless of whether our task in the Reich is finished or not.

We in the audience could not help remembering a song George M. Cohan wrote thirty years ago, especially when it says "And we won't come back till it's over, over there." Alas, our men did come back long before it was over, and so we had to go over again. This is the message carried by "Temper the Wind." Despite its technical faults it should be performed all over the country for it is a frank warning addressed to those who have already sown the wind of appeasement and may reap the whirl-wind of Neo-Fascism.

"I love the Jews. I have not let slip any occasion to recall to mind their martyrdoms, their family virtues, the admirable abilities which they have displayed in our time. How could a man remain unconcerned about the destiny of this people, authors of the Christian world, and so much persecuted and maltreated by the Christians. As soon as one wishes to be severe toward them, he regrets it and says: 'The vices of the Jewish people are those which we have produced in them; their virtues are their own.'"—Jules Michelet, *The Bible of Humanity*, 1864.

WASHINGTON NOTES

By MURRAY FRANK

AN EVENT which was not given sufficient prominence in our daily press was the establishment by President Truman of a Committee on Civil Rights, made up of distinguished citizens of all faiths and minority groups. The ultimate objective of the committee, which will make a thorough study of the problem of civil rights, will be to present a plan for legislation to enable the Federal Government to take specific action when the rights of minorities are violated. Lawless violence, the revival of Ku Kluxism and a considerable increase in bigotry and intolerance since the end of the war have shocked the country on several notable occasions. In many quarters it is feared that a period of economic distress may add oil to the black flames of bigotry, hence a way for action was looked for in order to head off the spreading of the flames and perhaps extinguish them completely.

One of the first and major problems facing the committee will be to determine how far the Government can go in coping with this problem, without encroachment upon the rights of the individual states. When local authorities would condone violence perpetrated against minority groups, the Government was not able to step in and use police power because of the strict interpretation of the Constitution. The aim, therefore, is to find the possibility for the enactment of a new law which would give the Federal Government that power. "There are certain rights under the Constitution of the United States," President Truman told the 15 members comprising the committee at the time of their appointment, "which I think the Federal Government has a right to protect." These rights, he em-

phasized, are for the enjoyment of all individuals of every race, creed and color.

President Truman also emphasized another problem for the committee, i. e., the establishment of a corrective program which must begin at "the grass roots, in the hearts of the people themselves," for that is the best place to fight the mean and the ignorant, the ugly and the brutal forces of bigotry in this country. Legislation in itself will not solve the problem. A vigorous education effort should be undertaken to spread an appreciation and understanding of the basic tenets of the American way of life. "I don't want to see any race discrimination," the President told the committee. "I don't want to see any religious bigotry break out in this country." President Truman's frank discussion of the problem and his vital concern for the protection of civil rights for all citizens deeply impressed the members of the committee. His timely move to prevent future trouble is regarded in Washington as a wise and judicious step in the proper direction.



One of those who has taken a most active interest in the struggle against racial and religious discrimination is Secretary of Labor Lewis B. Schwellenbach, who has on numerous occasions taken the lead in denouncing bigotry and pledging unqualified support to the forces who are fighting it. He recently told a convention of Negro women, meeting in Washington, that the "moral issues which make up your cause are never lost. . . because they rest upon principles that the great majority of the American people believe in and uphold."

On another occasion, Labor Secretary Schwellenbach addressed a large Jewish public gathering in Washington attended by nearly 1000 persons and presided over by your correspondent. This time, he returned to his favorite subject in even stronger terms. A few pertinent remarks by the Secretary of Labor are quoted here because of their timeliness and forthrightness. Said he:

"I can and do denounce the evil of discrimination, whether based on race, color, creed or national origin. As Secretary of Labor I can point out that the Labor Department has a mandate from Congress to promote the welfare of all wage earners, regardless of race, creed, color or national origin. I can promise you that we will not forget that solemn obligation . . . The struggle against social or religious hatreds is part of Labor's long fight for economic security within the framework of true democracy. . . Discrimination anywhere is a threat to freedom everywhere. You have seen how poverty, fear and ignorance can spread the ugly contagion. . . We have supported and will continue to support legislation designed to curb intolerance and foster and enhance human rights. That struggle for basic human rights—for decency and tolerance and justice and equality—will be carried on at home and abroad. The issue will be raised in legislative halls and it will influence the development of peace here in America and throughout the world."



The House Committee on Un-American Activities (the old Dies Committee) has a new chairman—Representative J. Parnell Thomas, a Republican from New Jersey. As constituted in the previous Congress, the committee was comprised of six Democrats and three Republicans and was headed nominally by Rep. John S. Wood of Georgia, but the actual power behind the "throne" was Mississippi's demagogic and anti-Semitic John E. Rankin. In the present Congress, the committee

has five Republicans and four Democrats. Curiously enough, all the Democrats on the committee are from Southern states and all of them are hold-overs from the old committee. Wood and Rankin are still there, and so are J. Hardin Peterson of Florida and Herbert C. Bonner of North Carolina—none of whom are known to have advocated that the committee cease its witch-hunting tactics and really go after the truly subversive elements in the country.

As for the Republican members, two of them are hold-overs—Thomas and Karl E. Mundt of South Dakota—while the remaining three are new members of Congress. Little or no information is as yet available on the new members, but Thomas and Mundt are certainly not known for their liberal or progressive views. Nevertheless, Thomas is not expected to be a "stooge" for Rankin as his predecessor was. Although he sees eye to eye with Rankin on many issues, Thomas will not permit Rankin to usurp his authority as chairman nor to dictate policy as he has done in the past. In a statement outlining the committee's program for the coming year, Thomas condemned the evils of the right as well as of the left. He stated as follows:

"We must be just as alert for those forces which would seek to destroy us from the totalitarian right as those from the totalitarian left. In the investigation and expose of all these forces, the rights of the individual must be fully respected. The committee must be fair and discreet, yet we must not let those who would destroy us use these rights as a cloak to conceal their subversive activities."

Although he speaks of being fair and discreet, Rep. Thomas' program calls for an airing of "Communist influences in Hollywood," but it contains no specific plan of action against the Ku Klux Klan, the Columbians and others who advocate hatred of the Jew, the Negro, the Catholic, the alien, and everyone else outside of their immediate family and friends.

Although the problem of immigration does not loom as high on the congressional agenda as labor legislation or the budget, nevertheless it has aroused a good deal of interest and controversy. No sooner did the 80th Congress post the sign "open for business" when it was faced with a veritable flood of contradictory proposals calling for a revision of immigration laws, some in support of liberalization of these laws in order to permit the entry of a limited number of refugees, others stubbornly opposing any changes or asking for complete stoppage of all immigration for at least ten years. Already in the early weeks of the new Congress members of both legislative chambers and of both political parties have discarded their disguise of sympathy for the destitute and homeless displaced persons in Europe and have stated their open opposition for freer immigration.

The immigration question was placed squarely in the hands of Congress by President Truman who, in his State of the Union message, admitted that this country has not done enough to help solve the DP situation in Europe by admitting some of these unfortunates to the United States. Only about 5,000 DP's have been admitted during the past year, the President informed Congress, whereas his original directive of December 22, 1945, called for the annual entry of 38,000 such immigrants. President Truman urged Congress "to turn its attention to this world problem in an effort to find ways whereby we can fulfill our responsibilities to these thousands of homeless and suffering refugees of all faiths."

What is the outlook for favorable and humane action by Congress on this question? Frankly, the situation is not very encouraging. Although there have been numerous demands from many organizations calling for more liberal immigration policy, these have been negated by equally vociferous demands from others to curtail immigration. There is nothing startlingly new in the arguments used by both sides, with the exception that

both proponents and opponents have injected a greater degree of urgency in pushing the adoption of their ideas. Thus, to offset the urgency of the hopeless and distressing situation in which several hundred thousand DP's find themselves abroad, a fact which is universally recognized, the advocates of more rigid immigration restrictions point to the shortage of consumer goods in the United States, the lack of housing for war veterans and the possibility of a postwar economic depression. In the light of such argumentation, one may rightfully question: What has become of our proud traditions of humanitarianism and our haven of refuge for the oppressed and persecuted which have made our land a by-word of blessing throughout the world for the past several centuries? This country's action and attitude to the whole problem of the homeless in Europe is being watched the world over. Can we afford to remain indifferent?



Apropos the immigration question now facing Congress, it is of interest to note that some 1,800 to 2,000 persons, possessing temporary visas allowing them to remain in this country, recently were on the verge of being deported upon order of the Department of Justice. These temporary visa-holders are persons who entered this country either as visitors or under some other non-immigrant status during the war years and because of wartime regulations it was impossible for them to obtain quota numbers and remain here as recognized immigrants. Now, that the war is over and their temporary visas have expired, they face deportation to their country of origin. The bulk of this group are Jews from various European countries whose homes have been destroyed and their families lost. They have nothing and no one to return to, except to share the fate of the hundreds of thousands of homeless who look to this country and other countries for aid.

As soon as the story of their possible deportation appeared in the press, the Justice Department was flooded with protests from all over the country. At first, the Department issued a statement denying that it was contemplating to deport them, but subsequently it issued a release stating that no deportations will be "effected" until Congress has had the opportunity to acquaint itself with the problem and to take any action it sees fit. The only fly in the ointment is that the Department of Justice has listed February 15 as the deadline for action by Congress in this matter. By the time these lines appear in print it will be past that deadline, but it is a foregone conclusion that Congress will not get around to the problem by the time indicated. Deportation, therefore, again seems imminent for these refugees unless the Department of Justice extends the time limit so that Congress may have the opportunity to review the case.



The Palestine situation, or that phase of it which finds expression and action in Washington, has not seen much activity here in recent weeks. Much of the emphasis has shifted to Palestine itself, where extremist groups resort to terrorist acts in their desperate hope of finding a solution, and to Britain which holds the key to the political situation in the Holy Land. There is an occasional report or an occasional visitor to remind Washington that the Palestine problem is far from solved. A little more action was expected here after the new Congress had been convened, but in the early weeks Congress was busy organizing itself and adjusting itself to new faces and new leadership.

Already, however, there have been some notable addresses on the Palestine matter, but as yet the new Congress under Republican leadership is moving cautiously. There is no reason to believe that the present Congress will be any less friendly than the last Congress was; in

fact, it is believed it will be even more friendly than its predecessor which adopted resolutions calling for opening Palestine's gates to Jewish immigration for the establishment of "a free and democratic commonwealth." But what specific action the present Congress will undertake still remains to be seen.

One of the most interesting reports on Palestine was recently made by a new member of Congress, Rep. Jacob K. Javits of New York and the only one among the seven Jewish members of the present Congress who is a Republican. Soon after his election, Javits visited various foreign areas which have become current international problems, such as Palestine, Greece, etc. Upon his return he presented his report in the form of an address on the floor of Congress, which was listened to eagerly by many members.

While much of his information and facts are generally known, Rep. Javits emphasizes certain current trends which are extremely interesting. He points to the fact that social tension does not appear to be a major factor between the Jews and the Arabs in Palestine who, "at the grass roots level, appear to enjoy cordial neighborly relations." It is only the Arab ruling class which is possessed of a spirit of intense nationalism, coupled with religious fanaticism and a fear of western ideals, Javits relates, and this group finds it difficult to adjust itself to realities in Palestine and the presence there of a large Jewish population with constructive ideas.

The only social tensions there, says Javits, exist largely between the British and the Jews, and these stem from British restraints on Jewish immigration and land purchase and from "the anomaly of colonial control applied to a highly civilized people." To be sure, Javits is very much opposed to the terrorism of the extremist groups and even went so far as to warn, during an interview with newspaper correspondents in Jerusalem, that

acts of terrorism are alienating public opinion in the United States more than any other event in years and that it would also be damaging to the interest of Jewish refugees in Europe, who hope eventually to settle in Palestine.

Javits also brings to light another interesting observation. Said he: "Most Jews I talked with in Palestine feel that partition is probably the only practicable answer." While this attitude on the part of Palestine Jews has been suspected for some time, it does not come wholly as a surprise when one realizes that they are growing tired of living on a constant volcano. A solution of the Palestine problem along peaceful lines and the assurance of continued peace would be more than welcome news for all its inhabitants, Arab and Jews alike.

▽ ▽ ▽

The Arab League, which is comprised of seven Arab states of the Middle East, maintains a propaganda office in Washington whose chief task seems to undermine the Jewish position in Palestine through sundry and devious means, and wherever possible also to alienate American friendship and support for a Jewish Palestine. No falsehood, no chicanery is overlooked in their attempt to stab Jews in the back, even if it is a group of homeless in whose face Britain has shut the doors of Palestine and carted them off

forcibly to detention camps on the island of Cyprus.

In a recent issue of *Arab News Bulletin*, published by the Arab Office in Washington, the charge is brought that the Palestine Administration, by diverting the taxpayers' money for the maintenance of Jewish refugees on Cyprus, is forcing the Arabs in Palestine to finance the "illegal" immigration of Jews to Palestine. This sounds almost like a very serious charge—if only there was any truth to it! What the Arab publication fails to tell its reader is that, while the majority of taxpayers in Palestine are Arabs, they contribute only about 20% of the taxes levied by the Government and the remaining 80% comes from the Jewish population in the country. In view of this large share paid by the Jews, it takes more than mere demagoguery to question the moral and legal right to provide for the homeless Jews on Cyprus, who are being detained there against their will by the very same power which had promised to help them establish themselves in their National Home in Palestine.

Such is the propaganda being disseminated from the Arab Office in Washington. Evidently, they still cling to the Hitlerian adage that an untruth will linger longer with the public than the strongest denial of it.

"I would that your faith, were it possible, could be like that of the holy Hebrew women of the Old Testament, so that you might be enabled without shedding a tear to look upon your children martyred before your eyes. Dearest mother, I do not say this through any desire to refrain from comforting you, but because I wish to prepare you—lest I may have to die."—Girolamo Savonarola to his mother, 1496.



Home Again

By VICTOR TISCHLER

BOOKS

The World's Great Scriptures, by Lewis Browne. The Macmillan Co. 559 pp. \$5.00

Right views and right aspirations are the first two requisites for those who would follow the eight-fold path of salvation. So Buddha declared. Ignorance is sin. To be greatly good, it is necessary to be greatly wise. The enduring religions of the world vary in the emphasis which they place upon the individual's search for God, his social obligations, and his quest for knowledge. But all are needful to one who would follow the Way, and knowledge is not least. The reader of Lewis Browne's admirably selective and comprehensive anthology of the world's religious literature will acknowledge his own previous ignorance and resolve to amend it. True, he may have had a smattering of knowledge, but that is not enough. It is needful to have more and to realize that since the beginning of recorded history mankind the world over has cherished much the same ideas of social obligation and right conduct and that the later revelations have refined and improved upon earlier precepts. The crude justice of an eye for an eye becomes later the return of good for evil.

It is ignorance that is the cause of men's distrust and hatred. The nations which rage so furiously together and the religionists who persecute those of another faith would cease to do so were all alike fully acquainted with the world's religious literatures and the desire of all good men to live at peace with their neighbors. Such an anthology as Lewis Browne's, if required reading in schools the world over, would go far to dispel the ignorance which is at the root of suspicion and hostility. In American colleges, there should be a required course in which for a few months a comparative study could be made of these ethical writings and their similarities made clear.

In his brief Preface, Mr. Browne cites eight different statements of the Golden Rule as found in the eight chief religions of the world. Though the phrasing varies, the idea is exactly the same in each. Most of these formulations of man's duty to his neighbor antedate Christ's utterance. Few Christians, I suspect, are aware of the fact, which they should ponder in all humility.

The emphasis of the anthology is upon the ethics which are the core of the world's religions. Mythology, ritual, and other inessentials are minimized, for even a large book covering a field so vast must necessarily select rigorously, and it is ethics, the code of individual and social conduct, which is the one thing needful to know and to practice. The essential means to individual and to social salvation lies in ethics. Buddhism seemingly emphasizes the individual's search for salvation, his effort to free himself from the wheel of life and become one with the universal mind. But, says Buddha, the true Buddhist, those free to enter into Nirvana, do not do so, saying "So long as they (others) do not attain Nirvana, I will not attain it myself." Of their own choice, they are reincarnated and take on again the burden of human existence. Until all are saved, they will not themselves selfishly enjoy emancipation from selfhood.

There is endless material for meditation in this collection of the world's truest wisdom and Mr. Browne has done a great service in presenting it in such well chosen translations and in so attractive a format. The type and makeup are excellent and Mr. Brown's own decorations in his pen and ink sketches in the manner of various styles of art, Egyptian, Indian, Chinese, and others add to the book's attractiveness.

CARL H. GRABO

Master of Troyes. A Study of Rashi, the Educator, by Samuel M. Blumenfield. Published for the Jewish Institute of Religion by Behrman House. 208 pp. \$3.50

Rabbi Shlomo Yitzhaki, commonly known as Rashi, is the "Master of Troyes" about whom Dr. Blumenfield writes. His life began probably in 1040, and terminated sixty-five years later. A very warm friendship has sprung up between this ancient Master and the younger Master who now interprets him so well.

Dr. Blumenfield puts all thoughtful educators under obligation, Jews and Christians alike, for the illuminating contribution he makes to the history and philosophy of education in his interpretation of Rashi. The study was undertaken as a doctoral dissertation at the Jewish Institute of Religion. Unlike many dissertations, it makes a good book!

He must have been a great man, this Jewish educator of nine centuries ago, who lived and worked in northern France. He was poet, student of grammar and exegesis, and commentator par excellence on the Pentateuch and the Talmud. His commentaries on the Scriptures, in which are embodied his own contributions to educational thinking, have become almost "scriptures" in their own right. His influence extended not alone among Jews, scholars and laymen alike, but among Christian educators and interpreters of religious thought. Apparently he was a powerful "expounder of the Law."

Dr. Blumenfield begins his study by making a comparison between Christian and Jewish education in the eleventh century. Christian education, as all historians know, was deeply buried under the incubus of the dark ages. Jewish educational future had refused to be buried! Few among Christians, even among the clergy, were literate men. Laymen, except for a few clerks who handled their masters' affairs, were abysmally illiterate. What education there was had military service as its goal.

By contrast, the Jews had behind them a long history of profound devotion to learning. They educated not alone their rabbis, but the children of laymen, in

the Scriptures and their interpretation, and in the practical learning of the day. An ignorant man, exclaimed Rashi, is to be held in contempt. And he was—among the Jews.

Following the contrast and comparison between Jewish and Christian educational practices, Dr. Blumenfield turns for a fifty page section to Jewish education in general in the days of Rashi. The education of a child was primarily, of course, Torah, or the content and practice of religion. This required literacy first of all, and a good deal of what would now be called "secular"—the tools of learning. Vocational education, preparation to earn a living through some useful trade, was universal among Jews, but largely ignored among Gentiles. But the learned Jews of Rashi's France, profound students of religious thought, were not so deeply interested in philosophy, astronomy, natural science, and mathematics, as were their contemporaries living in France under the impact of Arab culture. Physical education, so universal among us today and so common among the Gentiles of Rashi's day, was neglected almost completely by the Jew, with Rashi's apparent approval. Physical education implied military education, and the Jews were completely non-military.

Dr. Blumenfield's discussion of the educational system among the Jews of Rashi's day is clear and concise—he treats thoughtfully of the curriculum, methods of teaching employed, the organization of the educational system, financial support for the schools, and the place of the teacher in the cultural pattern. He makes very clear the fact that parents did not separate themselves from the processes of educating their children: children learned at least as much at home as they did from the rabbis in the schools.

In a thirty page section Dr. Blumenfield treats directly of Rashi, explaining the education Rashi received, his concept of the learning process and of the role of teacher and learner, and the numerous contributions Rashi made to the philosophy, history, and psychology of education, and to its curriculum and methodology.

The final section is a series of selections from Rashi on education, based on Bible

and on Talmud, Hebrew and English on parallel pages so even an ignorant reader can understand. If a reviewer were to venture one criticism of an excellent study, it would be this: that in Dr. Blumenfield's translation he has adhered so closely to the precision that science demands that he has sometimes failed to make evident the pungency and beauty the original Hebrew evidently possesses. A freer translation might have improved this section.

Rashi's writing was basically a commentary on Scripture, not a treatise on education. In Jewish education his works have been used principally as instruments for the clearer understanding of religion. But the educational principles are there, and Dr. Blumenfield brings them to light.

LAIRD T. HITES

Underground to Palestine, by I. F. Stone. Boni & Gaer. 240 pp. \$2.50

This is a moving chronicle of a second exodus of the Jews—this time from all over Europe to Palestine. The author vividly relates of his experiences in accompanying a group of Jewish refugees in their trek across Polish, Czech and Austrian borders, their rendezvous with Haganah workers and illegal ships in the stealth of night on the beaches of Italy, and the final sailing across the Mediterranean Sea in an old and overcrowded freighter in the hope of entering Palestine.

In his account of the many weeks he has spent with the Jewish immigrants on their voyage, Mr. Stone tries not to become emotional and, although he has in the main succeeded, his story will remain as one of the great outcries for justice in a world that is largely devoid of justice. Published first as a series of articles in the newspaper *PM*, the material now presented in bookform is even more interesting and exciting when one can turn immediately to the next chapter.

It is a small book, chock-full of information and details of a drama which is taking place daily before our very eyes, but the details of which are little known to the world at large. It is a dispassionate, yet intensely moving, story which begins in May, 1946—only a few short months

ago—when the author leaves the friendly shores of the United States to join underground immigrants as they make their long and perilous way to Palestine. The story ends some two months later in the port of Haifa, where units of the British Mediterranean Fleet intercept the rickety little vessel and take control of it and its human cargo. The former concentration camp victims had finally reached the Promised Land, only to find that the British had placed them in internment camps behind barbed wire as "illegal immigrants."

The effect on the author of his stirring experiences made him feel as one of the DP's, one of the many homeless and tragic survivors, whose saga of their hazardous underground journey he describes in his book. When they finally reach the full view of Mt. Carmel and the end of a journey where they had hoped to find peace and rest after the tragic experiences of the last six or seven years, they are met by a show of British arms and closed doors.

Mr. Stone is so enraged by Britain's brutality in refusing to grant these broken remnants of European Jewry legal admittance into Palestine that he calls for full support of the so-called "illegal immigration." "I believe," he concludes, "that the only hope lies in filling the waters of Palestine with so many illegal boats that the pressure on the British and the conscience of the world becomes unbearable. And if those ships are illegal, so was the Boston Tea Party." Mr. Stone rightfully observes that to tell the story of the Jewish exodus from Europe properly "one would need to be not a newspaper reporter, but an ancient Hebrew prophet," for it is a story which would be told as a Parable and a Warning.

MURRAY FRANK

"The History of the Jews in Italy," by Cecil Roth. The Jewish Publication Society of America. 575 pp. plus 20 illustrations and maps. \$3.00

Despite the long and proud history of Italian Jewry, which has the longest and most continuous history of any Jewish community in Europe, no full-size and exhaustive study has appeared on this

subject in any language until Dr. Cecil Roth's book was published recently. It is complete in point of time, as well as in subject matter; it deals with external politics and with internal Jewish life, it gives emphasis to the economic activities of the Italian Jewish community and stresses the value of its cultural contributions to Judaism and to civilization in general.

Dr. Roth's rather large work required many years of patient study and preparation. The explanation for this lies in the fact that it deals with events extending over a period of more than twenty centuries and at least a half dozen different civilizations, to wit, the ancient Roman Empire, the Papacy, the medieval city republics, the Renaissance and the Catholic Reaction, the Age of Emancipation, and the period of Fascism of modern totalitarianism. One may rightfully question the inclusion of the last phase of Italian history as a civilization, since it is perhaps more proper to consider Fascism as a nightmare.

The story of Jewish life in Italy, interesting and intrinsically valuable as it is, has been scattered in upwards of 300 monographs in various languages and of various sizes. Only two of a score of sizable Jewish communities in Italy, i.e., Rome and Venice, have thus far been treated to full studies covering their entire history. It remained for an eminent scholar and historian of the caliber of Dr. Roth to bring all of this disconnected material together and shape it into one continuous story.

This is a pioneer work where the author found it necessary "to lay the foundations as well as build the structure." In addition to the collection of relevant material, he has had to discover the general tendencies in a series of apparently unrelated and often isolated events in widely scattered places and piece them together to form a coherent picture. In the words of Dr. Roth, it was "rather like that of writing a history of England for the first time," with nothing to work upon except for some accounts of two or three of the larger towns and the remainder being chiefly articles in various antiquarian journals written mainly by theo-

logians.

The result, nevertheless, is a highly interesting and fairly complete history of the Jews of Italy, a history which has remained unbroken by the very fact that Italy is the only country in Europe from which the Jews were not expelled in the Middle Ages. Dr. Roth takes his reader through more than 2000 years of history, beginning with the early days of the Roman republic in the second century B.C. — equivalent to the period of the Maccabees in Jewish history — to the establishment of the Christian Empire. From there, he proceeds to trace the history of Italian Jewry in the so-called Dark Ages and the accompanying barbarian rule deep into the Middle Ages.

The author then follows with a detailed account of the complicated social, economic and intellectual transformations during the Renaissance, which were dissipated in a sea of petty intrigues, shady diplomacy, reaction and retreat all along the line, and ending with the real dark ages for Italian Jewry in the 17th and 18th centuries, otherwise known as the Age of the Ghetto. In the final chapters, Dr. Roth describes the effect of the Napoleonic Wars on Jewish life in Italy, the coming of the emancipation, the growth of the Jewish community and the heroic participation of the Jews in the struggle for Italian unification and democracy. He closes by recounting Italy's descent into the abyss of Fascism and totalitarianism, which dragged this poor but happy country into World War II and catastrophe.

The author has used many legends and anecdotes, in addition to concrete details, to give body and substance to his generalizations, in preference to presenting a mere cataloguing of facts. He skillfully weaves into his text details drawn from inscriptions on tombstones, from rabbinical responsa, from decisions of civil courts and similar material. All of this adds to enliven the story and make the book a definitive and indispensable work for the student of Jewish history.

MURRAY FRANK

The Ten Commandments, a portfolio of 10 prints in full color, by A. Raymond

Katz. Published by L. M. Stein, Chicago. Unpaginated. \$15.00.

To muralize successfully the ten commandments of Mount Sinai, without overstepping the narrow limits imposed by the second, which interdicts the making of graven images, is itself a triumph in which many difficulties are transcended, and this triumph has been achieved by A. Raymond Katz, distinguished Chicago artist. Mr. Katz's ten frescoes—one for each of the commandments—have long embellished and made vivid the walls of the Downtown Synagogue in Chicago, for whose congregation the almost impersonal symbolism of the art offers fewer problems and barriers to understanding than it does to strangers, Jewish as well as Gentile, who are not entirely at ease with the Hebrew alphabet, and with the symbolic, as well as the literal, signification of the letters.

L. M. Stein, the Chicago publisher, has rendered a public service in making available a portfolio of large size color plates, adaptations of the ten frescoes. (For those interested, it may be noted that a fresco is painted on the wet plaster of a wall, whereas a mural is usually a painting on canvas or other material attached to a wall.) To the color plates have been added these texts: a preface by Dudley C. Watson on Mr. Katz and the significance of each of the artist's ten interpretations from a universal point of view, and a preface by Rabbi Alexander S. Kline devoted to the meaning of the commandments, but largely from the Jewish point of view.

In almost every one of the ten plates—the solitary exception is the tenth—the letters of the Hebrew alphabet are not only integral to the design, but are used in an overpowering manner, as in the third plate, in which the letters help to form a mighty mountain. The commandment against murder likewise is beautifully stated in pictorial symbolism. Not always, but in most instances, the artist has succeeded in realizing in art terms the moral grandeur of the Hebraic code. To those Jews whose walls are bare of suitable adornment, I take the liberty of suggesting that they frame these plates and set them upon the walls of their

homes as reminders of the meaning of the code which is our original sanction and our moral justification as a people.

HARRY SALPETER

Battle for Chicago, by Wayne Andrews. Harcourt Brace. 358 pp. Illustrated. \$3.75

Not many people are able to sum up the wisdom of the ages in a few words while standing on one foot. Others write volumes about nothing and require a bewildering assortment of aids in the process. Wayne Andrews has attempted to sum up the variegated spirit of Chicago in a few hundred pages and he has succeeded. His book has everything that should make it popular. It merits an honored place even on the most select shelf.

What is there about Chicago that has made it so invidious a subject for so many writers, from Andreas to Andrews? Our city is like a perpetual masked ball, a Halloween that comes every day of the year. All around us we see gaudy, indifferent and grand characters in all sorts of costumes, and some, like the famous Emperor of Andersen's tale, in a state of undress. You can find what you want here, be it high level, or low, and Andrews serves it up for us in fit style. But he wastes no words. He pads no pages. He says all that needs saying, and he says no more than that. Apparently, no one told him he had to write 400 pages or die in the attempt.

He reduces the story to its essence. He gives it organization, unity, theme, and thought. Without distorting what is already a phantasmagoria, he selects infallibly the people, the places, the events which are worthiest of attention. We who think we know our city will understand its history considerably better by reason of reading Andrews' book.

He finds that running through the polluted stream of the city's life is the *Tribune* germ. Its influence is omnipresent, and sometimes it is omnipotent; it always imagines itself omniscient. Joseph Medill was not actually the founder of the *Tribune*, but he and his descendants always were disinclined to believe that either their newspaper or the world existed before Medill came upon the scene. Medill had a mission; it was to impose

his narrow views upon the community. His grandson, the famous Colonel McCormick, lives in his parochial tradition, and none can say the city is the richer for it.

Presently, McCormick is at war with Marshall Field III. Andrews' book gives a sparkling account of the rivalry and its roots. Medill was once the financial debtor of the first Marshall Field, and he and his grandchildren never forgave the kindness. The elder Field is, by all odds, the strangest character in this book and in the city's history. There was nothing gaudy or pretentious about him. He had less of the appearance of a masque in a pageant than the others in this book. He had the solid virtues that some people find dull. Right or wrong—and he was often enough wrong—he had integrity; and everyone, including Joseph Medill Patterson, realized it. He dominated the life of Chicago in the way Medill could not.

The story is not all the Fields and the Medills. There were, and are, the McCormicks; the Colonel is, by no means, the first or the only one. There were, and are, many of that strange clan. They have lighted many corners of our past and present. Old Cyrus, the Reaper King, his brothers, his children, his nephews and nieces, each capered or cantered in his own cantankerous or captivating way. You'll want to read more about them when you have finished what Andrews has to say.

And there were the pioneer packers, as dissimilar as men in the same walk of life could be. Swift the solid citizen was a fine foil for Armour the prodigal. These men and their competitors gave Chicago some of the odor which lingers, and I don't mean merely the Stock Yards.

There were the land speculators, the merchandisers, the utility magnates, the journalists, the politicians, the agitators, the reformers, the socialites, the builders, the benefactors, the laborers; there were, and are, these and others in this city of contrasts; Andrews does justice to them.

You travel through our vast country and sometimes you are wearied by the sameness of the streets, the stores, the signs, the scenery. You declare that every

city or town looks alike. Then you think of New York or New Orleans, San Francisco or Chicago, and you know that each has a separate and distinct spirit, and you rejoice that there are writers who can put in words what you feel as you walk down Broadway or Canal Street, Market Street or Michigan Boulevard. Wayne Andrews knows why Chicago is not New York and he has the gift of making each reader see the difference. But even he, in the end, says that Chicago is no longer the dynastic city. Only in this respect is he wrong. For the rest, he is right, as all creative writers are right—even when they contradict each other and themselves.

ELMER GERTZ

The Plotters, by John Roy Carlson. E. P. Dutton Co. 393 pp. \$3.50

American liberals are a timid lot. Many of them exist in constant dread lest Martin Dies, John Rankin, Clare Hoffman or someone else publicly accuse them of being radicals. To disprove the charge, they not only emit loud howls of denial, but they also allow no one to excel them in the expertness or thoroughness of their red baiting.

Publication in 1943 of John Roy Carlson's first book, *Under Cover*, gave a sizable boost to those who desire to fight the real enemy—American fascism. By exposing Hitler's friends and sympathizers, Carlson helped many to pierce the propaganda smoke screen surrounding them. He encouraged others to change their tactics from defensive to offensive ones. Further encouragement to fighting liberals was provided by Henry Hoke's two books, *Blackmail* and *It's a Secret*.

Now comes Carlson's sequel, *The Plotters*, the best of the four books. Its appearance is extremely timely when the American liberal right wing rapidly is becoming indistinguishable from the neo-fascists against whom Henry Wallace warned in his address to the Progressive Citizens of America. This book should be read by every member of Americans for Democratic Action as a reminder that the defeat of Nazi Germany did not mean the destruction of worldwide fascism.

The Plotters is more readable than

Under Cover. If it does not seem so shocking, it is only because it has had important predecessors. For the "on-the-fence" reader it should be especially convincing because it is unusually objective and impersonal. *Under Cover* was mostly autobiographical, relating the four years' experiences of the author while consorting with native fascists under assumed names. For that reason it was shrugged off by some as "just one man's experience." That such was a mere rationalization does not contradict its existence.

To gather material for *The Plotters*, Carlson used different methods. In letters to innumerable individuals and organizations, he posed as Robert Thompson, Jr. of Buffalo, supposedly a bewildered veteran trying to decide what organizational connections to make. He prints many facsimiles of the answers he received. They add up to the undeniable fact that the same forces which he exposed in *Under Cover* still are at work. In fact, with 10 million veterans to proselyte, they are harder at work than ever.

It is difficult to believe that Carlson will be plagued by libel suits growing out of *The Plotters* as he was after the appearance of *Under Cover*. As already intimated, a great deal of the book's strength is derived from the author's merely stating the record and letting it speak for itself. In several chapters devoted to veterans' organizations, he described virtually without comment. He also includes groups of which he approves as well as those of which he disapproves. Inasmuch as they are all after the ex-serviceman's dues, they are technically plotters.

The book is not devoid of anecdotal material based on Carlson's peregrinations. He relates the details of several interviews with rabble rousers, with many of whom he discussed himself. He also tells how he joined in the boos which followed mention of his name at meetings of so-called nationalist groups, and how he escaped injury on a few occasions when he was recognized.

Most humorous chapter is that in which Carlson summarizes the advice he received from various "mother" groups to which he wrote as Patricia O'Connell,

war bride and mother. With rare exceptions, both as Mrs. O'Connell and as Thompson, he encountered little reluctance on the part of the plotters to accept him into membership and to reveal their programs. The general attitude seemed to be: the war is over and we are free to act and talk as we please again.

The Plotters includes chapters on the American Communist party and on leftist veterans groups. Although he gives them the same treatment that he does all others, Carlson warns against magnifying their importance by comparison with reactionary groups and advocates disproof of their criticisms of capitalism by progressive performance rather than by red baiting or suppression. Carlson is not taken in by the post-war resurrection of the slogan, "We must save the world from communism." His book should be a tremendous warning that it would be fatal to repeat the mistakes that Stanley Baldwin, Neville Chamberlain and many others made when they ignored the threat of fascism because they were too preoccupied with bogey reds. As was true of *Under Cover*, this book is a plea for militant liberalism at a time when it never has been needed more.

CURTIS D. MACDOUGALL

Michael Turns the Globe, by Deborah Pessin. Union of American Hebrew Congregations, Cincinnati. 180 pp. \$1.50

During the years when I was director of the Jewish Educational Alliance in St. Louis, I first became aware of the need of Jewish children for books. One of the activities of the Alliance was the Sunday school. It met Saturday and Sunday afternoons. Of course there was no writing on Saturdays, although the school was conducted on Reform lines. The contributors, board members, and rabbis who "ran" the Alliance were of the Reform group. So were most of the teachers. The "Orthodox Jews," which really meant Eastern Jews, were too new to this country to have much to say in such matters. Occasionally an Eastern teacher found a place on the faculty. The children were all of immigrant parentage who lived in

the Ghetto. They were being "Americanized" and "civilized" by the good ladies and gentlemen from "up town."

The school was large but the children well behaved. Children of Jewish immigrants had a great respect for teachers. Their parents had taught them that teachers are important personages. I examined the books used by the school and found them poorly printed. Furthermore, the language was not suited to children, being written in a stilted Germanic style, as indeed were the many varieties of prayer books used in the Reform Congregations.

I recall having written an article for a Jewish magazine about the need of Jewish children for books. Many years passed before I saw this need even partially realized. I was too busy to try my hand at this sort of writing. I was young enough to believe that by writing serious articles I was helping reform the world. To our own youngsters I would tell stories based on legends of the Jews. They seemed to like them and asked for these stories repeatedly.

I am glad to see others now have realized the need of Jewish children for books. Among those who are doing a goodly share of this work is Deborah Pessin. Her latest book should find ready and enthusiastic readers among our children everywhere. As Michael turns the globe he visits Jews in the most remote places. He finds these Jews interesting. Some are dark skinned and some yellow skinned. Some are poor and some wealthy. But there is a bond which makes them kinsfolk. I am sure Michael realizes that common bond as he turns the globe.

One might perhaps wish for more details of the lives of the Jews in these lands. But Miss Pessin knows her work too well to need suggestions from this writer. She has written another book which should make a fine addition to every Jewish child's library. Howard Simon's illustrations are very helpful. The book is attractively printed, as are, indeed, all books published by the UAHC. Dr. Emanuel Garmon's introduction is good.

OSCAR LEONARD

The Golden Egg, by James S. Pollak. Henry Holt and Company. 493 pp. \$2.75

The movies, as everyone, including authors know, are the country's most popular entertainment; that Jews are headline material in every newspaper; and sex is undoubtedly here to stay. Something like these thoughts must have run through the mind of James S. Pollak when he set himself to write a novel. The result, *The Golden Egg*, is a melange of the above saleable ingredients, and we have no doubt that Mr. Pollak's hunch will pay off in sales.

An author, of course, is within his rights in picking any subject matter, characters, and locale. Unfortunately, Mr. Pollak has chosen at least two highly controversial themes that could do with much serious thought. What is worse, in the case of the Jews, he has chosen to deal sensationally with dangerously combustible situation.

The Golden Egg purports to tell the story of a "dynasty"—the Levinsons (formerly Levinsky), and their rise from Rivington Street to Hollywood. Symptomatically, it was the accidental death of Poppa Levinsky, and the \$5,000 resultant damages which took Mamma and their son Louis out of the Lower East Side and the working class. It was in the comparative elegance of the Bronx and as a well-to-do cloak and suiter that Louis met his bride-to-be, Rebecca Korn, her father Jacob, and her brother Moe, a camera man in a fly by night moving picture studio. After Louis and Rebecca are married and their son Willie is born, Moe prevails upon Louis to leave his dress business and, with him, take over the affairs of Moe's boss. From there it is a short step to Hollywood, with a brief stop over for the family in a house off Fifth Avenue. The bulk of the story is concerned with Willie, his bewildering (and unnecessarily drawn out) experiences at Inchcliffe Preparatory School, his career as a Wonder Boy in Hollywood, his love life, and the vicious battle with his family.

The story is peopled with stock characters rather than living men and women, except possibly in the cast of Willie. For Grandpa Korn Mr. Pollak has given us

a Clifford Odets philosopher—the slightly remote, idealistic old gentleman who scorns the power-driven group around him. Unlike the rest of his family, including his own children, he speaks perfect English and expresses himself in well-rounded, lyrical phrases. Old Mrs. Levinson, for contrast, is a combination of Georgia Jessel's Mama and Arthur Kober's Mrs. Gross. Her conversation runs something like this: "En ectah, my grennson? Not so long I should teck another breath!"

All the characters, even Willie, who is less of a stereotype than the others, appear two-dimensional. The reader does not learn to know through his actions that Louis is a shrewd enough business man to become a top movie executive, he is only told it. There is little motivation given for one of the key conflicts of the story—the extremely possessive grasp which the family wishes to keep on Willie, and his struggle against it.

The book is peppered with scornful comments on the Hollywood product, but as a serious appraisal of the movie industry, it fails completely. The high flown criticisms emanating from the intellectuals in the book are on a level with the Podunk Literary Society. They (or Mr. Pollak) advocate an abolition of the sex taboos and talk about "the classics" as a contribution to what ails Hollywood. There is no word of creating films that would constitute an original art form, or would honestly reflect the problems and aspirations of real people. Nor is there any suggestion that actors, writers, directors and film workers generally are vitally concerned with problems of their craft, with trade unions, or with world affairs, as large numbers are. Mr. Pollak's Hollywood is a plush and ivory tower for oversexed, money-mad incompetents.

Mr. Pollak has Richard Lansburgh, his "observer," write to Willie:

"You worked in an industry that by its very ruthlessness transforms great men to grasping ones. . . Power, of itself, divorced from human sensibilities, is the pestilence, the plague, the horde of horrors that makes a shambles of this world. . . It is a fungus growth cultured in the test tube of humanity, nurtured in the will

of every man who venerates it as an abstract goal. This is the deity you worshipped . . . and this is the thing you must renounce!"

As part of what makes Hollywood run, the drive for power is undoubtedly important, but even here the author doesn't attempt to portray the all-important reasons for this power lust.

As to the handling of the Jews in the book — it is not a question of whether or not Mr. Pollak is an anti-Semite. It can be argued that he describes "good" Jews (although they are two minor characters) and "bad" gentiles, in addition to the unpleasant Jews who are the subject of the story. But certainly the book creates a feeling of extreme distaste for Jews as Jews.

A false and vicious stereotype of the American Jew has been built up, not by fiction writers, but by professional anti-Semites. But people such as Mr. Pollak must take the responsibility for reinforcing this contorted structure.

ALICE ALPERT MARTIN

Spinoza: Portrait of a Spiritual Hero, by Rudolph Kayser. With an introduction by Albert Einstein. Translated by Amy Allen and Maxim Newark. Philosophical Library. 1946. 326 pp

This is a disappointing book. Instead of an objective picture of Spinoza and his times based on a thorough knowledge of history and of Spinoza's philosophy we have instead a superficial survey of both and much intrusion by the author of surmises as to what Spinoza thought and felt on this or another occasion. These guesses are repetitious and seldom edifying. The author pads his book with adulatory comments but the reader, unless more or less familiar with Spinoza's ideas, will come away with little enlightenment. Spinoza needs no praise. His life and his thought set against the background of his age suffice in themselves to reveal his heroism in the selfless pursuit of truth. The first admonition to any writer is to let the subject tell its own story with as little obvious guidance by the author as possible. The good writer, said George Herbert Palmer, like God hideth himself. Mr. Kayser is too little concealed. C.H.G.

Time of Delirium, by Hermann Rauschning. D. Appleton-Century Company. 369 pp. \$4.00

Leiden an Deutschland, by Thomas Mann. Pazifische Presse, Los Angeles; distributed by Mary S. Rosenberg, New York. 90 pp. Half leather \$5.50; cloth \$4.00

After each beating the Germans took from other nations they tried to revenge themselves by undermining the morale of the victors through a paralyzingly pessimistic philosophy of their own. Schopenhauer was the revenge for the devastations wrought upon Germany by Napoleon; after the first World War there came Spengler with his *Decline of the West*; and now we have Rauschning with his sombre warning that "occidental civilization has entered the last stages of breakdown." For several years this highly educated East Prussian belonged to the Nazi hierarchy. He was President of the Senate of Danzig and was one of Hitler's few confidants. After breaking with the Nazis he revealed a great deal of inside information about his former cohorts, especially about his conversations with Hitler. His earlier books were rather useful in our war with the Nazis, but this can hardly be said of his more recent works. In *The Redemption of Democracy* (1941) Rauschning showed himself to be a firm believer in a Prussian kind of aristocratic oligarchy, mortally afraid as he is of a possible revolt of the masses, and he urged the British and Americans to use their power to suppress whatever political aspirations the masses might have and to establish an armed "Pax Anglo-Americana," able to rule the most formidable set-up in modern history, the "coming Atlantic Empire."

In his new book, he reiterates his trust in this proposed English-speaking Axis—a thing Churchill has long been day-dreaming about—but this time he is pessimistic about our capability of forming a spearhead directed against Russia. The two great powers will not be able to launch an "active foreign policy" against the Soviets unless they do some cleaning in their own homes first. One does not have to be a diehard Marxist to question Rauschning's central thesis that "man's

societies are built around their creed" and that this creed "far from being the 'ideological superstructure' of the economic order and a product of class society, is both the germinal cell of a society and its vital energy." It is a syllogism to draw the conclusion that "since every society is founded upon some creed, every science of society springs from first premises that are affirmations rather than facts" and that "no society can ever be conceived, planned and organized in a purely rational scientific manner." Do his "affirmations" call for a *laissez-faire* system, for the anarchic capitalism of 1890? Is it interference with the Divine Order to have a Beveridge Plan, a New Deal, or a Five-Year-Plan? Are such institutions as the defunct OPA, or the FEPC objectionable? Is not Rauschning rather demagogical when he claims that our present "state of social service" is the "transition to the new totalitarian absolutism," when he brandishes the term "democratic authoritarianism" against any state that permits labor unions or workmen's compensation funds? Is it not preposterous to assert that after having defeated Nazism we have continued to permit "national socialism" to grow amongst ourselves by the substitution of "social welfare" for his ideal of an entirely free economy?

If we follow his advice, we must go straight back to the "individualistic" philosophy of the Hoover Era (unfortunately, we have been doing it in part since Roosevelt's death), help Britain retain her Empire because "every member that falls away from the erstwhile British Empire presents an absolute loss to the social order of constitutional democracy and a new acquisition to Soviet sphere and social power," and finally restore Germany as a world power in order to be able to use her against Russia.

Rauschning's deep pessimism is dangerous because it proclaims that there is only one way out of the delirium—through another World War: There can be no compromise whatsoever between the two systems, that of unlimited free enterprise and that of Socialism; the latter must "once more dash itself to exhaustion" against the former, or "the last

forms of a free social order will be absorbed by absolutism and absolutistic universal world state will emerge." Is this a liberal who thus thunders, not only against Stalin, but also against a Henry A. Wallace, or a Leon Blum? Or is it a disguised Prussian Junker, endeavoring to turn the clock back? In *The Redemption of Democracy* the author had tried to minimize the importance of his former Nazi party membership: "It is not those who have changed in these years of change that would be suspect, but those who have not changed." One fears that Rauschnig has not changed, that he is the same reactionary who once believed he could ride the horse of Nazism in his own direction, until he was tossed off, and who is now trying the same game in the realm of democracy!

A man who did change is Thomas Mann. He was to make us forget that once during the first World War, he was himself a fervent nationalist and Pan-German propagandist, if on a very high literary level, for he completely discarded his former views and his democratic leanings deepened more and more, as time went on. In his diaries from the years 1933 and 1934, now published under the title of *Leiden an Deutschland* (Suffering through Germany) he expressed his indignation about what went on in his Nazified homeland before he felt ready to launch his first direct attack upon the Nazis in a letter to the *Neue Zuercher Zeitung*. "We are profoundly aware that these unmitigated bunglers will come to a bad end," he wrote at the beginning of the Nazi era. "What is shortly to become of the people who have staked such a measure of faith in falsehood?" What he says about the wild processions of the victorious Nazi party, the fraudulent "free" elections under Hitler, the Reichstag Fire swindle, the Leipzig mock trial of the alleged arsonist Van der Lubbe and his collaborators, the muddled thinking of many German intellectuals, the barbarization of press and university, the ousting of Jewish scholars, the cynicism of Goebbels, and the stupidity of Hindenburg—all this still makes fascinating reading although, for-

tunately, these things now belong to the past. His indictment of the 1933 "revolution" will be remembered: "Great revolutions usually attract the admiration of the world by their passionate generosity . . . It was left for the Germans to bring about a revolution without ideas, opposed to ideas, to everything higher, better, opposed to liberty, truth, and justice." Thomas Mann's remarks about the distorted German conception of freedom should be studied by those of our politicians who are somewhat too anxious to quickly restore full sovereignty to the Reich.

ALFRED WERNER

The Faith of a Liberal, Selected Essays by Morris R. Cohen. Henry Holt & Co. 497 pp. \$5.00

This book is a collection of articles, book reviews and other items written by Professor Cohen during the past thirty years and now published in book form. The range of topics reveals Mr. Cohen's wide range of interests, moving from politico-economic issues to religion, science, literature and literary criticism. This volume will give the reader a good sampling of a mind whose fine gifts of perception, insight and close logical reasoning have justly entitled him to an honored place among contemporary American philosophers. His prose will also be found entertaining as well as instructive.

Mr. Cohen recognizes the ambiguity latent in the title he has chosen for these essays. Both "faith" and "liberalism" have become pejorative terms. "Liberalism" has become associated with an outmoded individualistic theory of economics or with a political trend that shuns clear thinking and "seems to offer a special haven to those mushyminded persons who, rather than make a definite choice between Heaven and Hell, cheerfully hope to combine the best features of each." For Mr. Cohen, liberalism is not the acceptance of a new set of dogmas "taught by a newer and better set of priests called liberals." Liberalism does not stand or fall by belief in government regulation, planning or ownership, nor in their opposites. It is a faith in a process rather than in a set of doctrines;

it is an attitude, a faith in enlightenment. The liberal spirit is identical with that of the scientists, consisting in a questioning of all so-called self-evident and plausible propositions in order to determine whether or not they are well-grounded in evidence and reason. All of our beliefs should be regarded as nothing but initial hypotheses which must be subjected to a continuous process of verification. By "faith" our author means merely a rationalism that is "rational enough to envisage the limitations of mere reasoning."

The term liberalism has many meanings, as the author admits, and he is entitled to his own stipulation. The reader, however, may feel that liberalism requires more than open-mindedness and the absence of dogmatism. These virtues are essential, but surely there must be an acceptance of such basic ideals or dogmas as freedom and equality if liberalism is to be more than the spirit of dissolvent scepticism.

The author's treatment of the Zionist problem is characteristic both of the virtues and defects of his conception of the liberal attitude. In the essay "Zionism: Tribalism or Liberalism," written in 1919, he severely castigates what he considers to be the mystic or romantic nationalistic spirit of political Zionism. The racism of Zionism, which he abhors, he regards as in part due to the tendency of a rejected group to ascribe its failures to descent rather than to personal failings. He is worried lest a Jewish Palestine forbid intermarriage and free non-Jewish immigration, in order to create a State founded on a peculiar race, a tribal religion and a mystic belief in a peculiar soil. In a postscript written for this volume, he reaffirms the essay written in 1919, arguing that Zionism is a false creed despite the glorious achievements of the Palestinian Jews, but does object to the British policy of restricted immigration. Mr. Cohen's criticism of some of the illiberal aspects of political Zionism are of course appropriate from the "liberal" point of view, but Mr. Cohen blandly unaware of the fact that social change requires a positive program of reconstruction rather than an evaluation of

evidence for a hypothesis. Great social forces can be rechanneled into more desirable directions, but they cannot be waved aside by intellectualistic criticism. He triumphantly explodes the myths of dialectical materialism, but appears to forget that the political action of communists, no more than the political action of Catholics, can be explained by theology.

Though Mr. Cohen is largely negativistic in his approach, bringing the searching light of reason to the many topics he discusses, one positive ideal does emerge: that truth will win out in the end, that social evil is due to ignorance above all else, and that the liberal must hold fast to his faith in reason, rather than irrational emotionalism. Surely everyone will hope, with Mr. Cohen, that this ideal will prove to be sufficient to save the world.

LIONEL M. RUBY

Brandeis: A Free Man's Life, by Alpheus Thomas Mason. The Viking Press. 713 pp. \$5.00

The close of the 19th century saw industrial Bourbonism in full flower. Capital was expanding and great fortunes, nurtured on monopoly and trusts, were growing greater. It was an era of consolidation as powerful combines merged their strength to grind lesser competitors to oblivion. In this surge of monopoly, the rights of the people were held in contempt. The agents of big business bribed legislators and corrupted governments, receiving in exchange valuable franchises and concessions. The natural resources of the nation were dissipated in the frantic rush to convert them into dividends. The leaders of the bar were, as a matter of course, in the service of the property interests, and when elevated to the bench they defended property rights as against human rights with the zeal of one proclaiming the gospel.

Discontent among the laboring masses struggling for a living wage was wide spread. When they sought to use their sole weapon in the unequal struggle—the strike—they were beaten down by the injunction, policemen's clubs, and, eventually, starvation. Labor had not yet attained "respectability" and its champions

were few.

This was the era that produced Brandeis. Himself a top flight corporation lawyer, he saw before most of the excesses of capitalism which, unless curbed, would destroy the capitalist system. He was the first lawyer of eminence in his period who sensed it was the duty of the bar not only to represent the moneyed interests who retained them, but also to protect the interests of the people.

Save for an occasional reference to the simplicity of his private life, this book is concerned with the late Justice's public life. The author traces the career of Brandeis through four main periods. In the first phase he is a Boston lawyer fighting the franchise grab of the Boston Elevated. Soon followed his memorable expose of the devious finance of big business in the New Haven Railroad case, and his fight against monopoly in the United Shoe Machinery case. His advocacy of savings bank life insurance to give the people low cost insurance is successful.

In the second phase Brandeis is propelled on the national scene where he becomes the "people's attorney" in defending the national resources in the public land controversy of the Taft regime, in fighting excessive railroad rules and in exposing the trusts. The third period finds him in national politics as a LaFollette progressive and adviser to President Wilson. In the last period he is a Justice of the United States Supreme Court, the first to sit on that body.

The story of Brandeis is chiefly that of a man who fought for social and economic reform. A crusader and reformer in the best sense of those terms, he lived to see his ideas become realities. Friend of the common man, he became the apostle of the living law. His judicial dissents became the accepted law. Called a radical in his day, he was essentially a conservative who loved social justice and freedom. Hated as was Roosevelt because he was a "traitor to his class," he emerged as one of the great figures in American life. He lived to become a prophet with honor in his own country.

Brandeis was no starry-eyed idealist. A practical and successful man by all standards, he fought for his convictions

with every facility at his command. He made frequent use of newspapers to mobilize public opinion or to focus attention on a problem of concern to the people. He preached civic and social reform in newspapers and magazines and on the platform. As the "people's attorney," he fought and exposed greed, monopoly and special privilege. His New Freedom was the forerunner of the New Deal.

And as lawyer and jurist, he argued that law was an instrument of social policy and, as such, must concern itself not with decisions in a vacuum but with an examination of conditions in real life that give rise to the attempted reform. His briefs as a lawyer and his opinions as a judge on constitutional questions are distinguished by a vast accumulation of economic and social data. Brandeis was completely devoted to facts. "The Supreme Court," he said, "is presumed to know the law, but there is no presumption that they know the facts." "Common knowledge," he observed, "is frequently popular fallacy and ignorance."

Brandeis saw early that the struggle between capital and labor unless disciplined would be ruinous to both, and that capitalism can be free only if labor is free. Such freedom in real life would involve such concepts as the right to organize, collective bargaining, the union shop, the right to strike and to picket. But his insight went much deeper. He sought to improve labor's lots by eliminating some of the prime evils of industry such as irregularity in employment.

Born in Kentucky of cultured immigrant Bohemian Jews, Brandeis was reared without definite religious beliefs. Neither parent professed formal religion, substituting, as his mother wrote, "goodness and truth" and "a pure spirit and highest ideals" for ritual and dogma. Notwithstanding the occasional sniping at his Jewishness by his enemies which is characteristic of our Christian civilization, his early life was free of participation in Jewish affairs.

His first intimate contact with his people was in his role as mediator in the garment industry strike in New York. The spark then kindled burst into full flame in 1912 when, at the age of 51, he was

converted to Zionism which remained his greatest passion to the day of his death. By 1914 he was president of the American Zionists and an acknowledged leader in the cause. A visit to Palestine strengthened his conviction in the future of the Jewish National Home. "Practical experience and observation," he told a Boston audience, "convinced me that to be good Americans, we must be better Jews, and to be better Jews, we must become Zionists."

Some of Brandeis' views on Zionism may be pertinent to current events. He was not alone opposed to partition, but he favored the enlarging of the area of settlement by opening Trans-Jordania to Jewish immigration. When the British began tampering with the mandate and restricting immigration, his faith was strong: "British and Arabs will be powerless against us. We are in the right." On the question of resistance, now a burning topic both in and out of the Holy Land, the author says, at page 597:

Disapproving of terrorism, Brandeis gave full support to Jewish self-defense activities in Palestine. After British disarmament of Jewish colonies previous to Arab attacks, he was convinced that the mandatory would not defend the Jews and therefore encouraged the movement which gave rise to the unofficial Jewish Army—the Haganah. Similarly he saw nothing wrong in the practice of evading British restrictions by illegal immigration of Jews into Palestine.

The awakened consciousness was manifest in the large sphere of Jewish life. When Nazism enveloped Germany in 1933 and the Nuremberg laws were put into operation, he urged vigorous protest meetings, and when President Roosevelt failed to make formal protest, Brandeis told Secretary Hull: "I feel more ashamed of my country than pained by Jewish suffering."

While Brandeis' relations with Zionism and Jewish life must await a fuller telling, Professor Mason has made a masterful contribution to our understanding of the Justice. The main facets of his career are chronicled with meticulous and scholarly detail in this definitive work. The author, who is professor of politics at Princeton University, had the advantage of access to Brandeis' papers and several

conferences with his subject. He makes good use of the material in careful documentation throughout the book. Much of Brandeis' life is revealed in his own words, through letters, speeches and articles. The views of Brandeis, as he himself expressed them, run like a continuous current through the pages.

The story of the fight for confirmation to the Supreme Court is sustained drama, as is the story of the post in Wilson's cabinet for which Brandeis was slated—and which he didn't get. Mason's analysis of the differences in the Olympian philosophy of Holmes and the social philosophy of Brandeis is discerning and incisive.

This is a big book about a big man.

DAVID F. SILVERZWEIG

In Time and Eternity. A Jewish Reader edited by Nahum Glatzer. Schocken Books. 255 pp. \$2.75

This is the best kind of an anthology—namely, one which invites the reader to a deeper study of original sources. The writings gathered here are all of post-biblical origin and their authors are those famous masters of Jewish thought, classical, medieval, and modern whose names for the average English reader of Jewish origin are either unknown, or, if known, not associated with any concrete accomplishments.

We have here Israel Baal Shem, the founder of Hasidism, and his great-grandson, Nahman of Bratzlav who led a movement to revive Hasidism. There are selections from the Talmud and the Midrash, from the Zohar and from Perekha-Shalom. Turning from compilations of wisdom to individual authors, we find, of the more famous ones, Philo, Maimonides, and Judah ha-Levi. It has been the editor's intention, as he tells us, not to select the readings with reference to any exclusive "line"; rather, he has attempted to give us a sampling of the many-faceted Jewish genius. He has succeeded well in this intention—for some tastes, it may be argued, only too well. Side by side are strict intellectuals and emotional mystics. We have a passage from Hayyim ibn Musa, which has an anti-intellectual moral that would have

excluded much of the effort of the Aristotelian Maimonides. And we have a passage from Moses Hayyim Luzatto which contradicts directly an earlier passage quoted from Maimonides on the purposes of the study of the Torah. Luzatto looks upon this world only as a preparation for the next one and the purpose of devotion for him becomes the attainment of such holiness as will make him enjoy the life to come; while for the intellectual Maimonides such rewards are equivalent to the candy with which we entice children to study while the real value of the Bible lies in the revelation of truth for the sake of nothing beyond itself.

I am happy that the editor has adopted so tolerant a principle to govern his selections. It has enabled him to be more representative, though the advantages of consistency have been forfeited. It seems that the Jewish mind, like Walt Whitman's, is large—it contains contradictions. It is surprising how a small selection is sometimes sufficient to convey the entire spirit of a man so completely. I found myself, in reading this book, forming personal attitudes towards some people whose writings I had never read before. Some of these were pleasant and others were not. I could sense very clearly the prig in the selection from Judah ibn Tibbon, and just as clearly I could make out the sympathetic nature of Joseph Solomon del Medigo. The reason for the latter feeling will be evident, I hope, if I quote a rather long passage from him.

"People say that the art of printing has brought us great advantages, whereas it has in fact been detrimental to us. For in former days authors were handsomely paid and people would buy from them only the good, pleasing, useful books, while the useless, vain books would of themselves disappear. Not so, however, in our days, when many ignorant people assume airs, and, though benighted and smaller than the least throughout their lives, seek to set themselves up as shining lights to another generation that has not learned to know them. And everyone who possibly can, and whose wealth is greater than his understanding, connives to publish books in which he is arbitrarily referred to as a great and

worthy man, whereas he is no more an authority than a carpenter's apprentice.

"The only concern of publishers is for new books. No one pays any attention to the writings of the early authors, or makes effort to preserve them and to shake the dust from them. . . . One who writes a number of inferior books will live unto all generations just as little as the name of one who begets many illegitimate children."

This, at least, is one new book which has the merit of trying to shake off some of the dust from the old. If I have any quarrel with the editor, it is that the title of his collection is too pretentious and meaningless. But his taste is good and in such a matter it is taste that is ultimately more important than title.

MILTON HINDUS

American in Persia, by Arthur C. Millspaugh. The Brookings Institution, Washington, D. C. 1946. 293 pp. \$3.00

This book has a title which may sound none too exciting to the average reader. But then, one remembers that Persia, or Iran, was in the headlines upon various occasions in recent years. It was through Persia that American supplies rolled into Soviet Russia during the crucial years of the war. It was in Teheran, the capital of Persia, that the Big Three of the last war, Churchill, Stalin, and Roosevelt, met for one of the most momentous diplomatic conferences in modern history. Finally, only a few months ago, the Iranian case, involving Russian occupation of the Northern provinces, came before the United Nations and the name of the Iranian Ambassador to the United States, Hussein Ala, was then very much in the headlines.

Actually, then, Mr. Millspaugh's story deals in simple language with an exciting issue. As head of the American Financial Mission, he was twice sent to Persia; there had been a previous American Mission to this country, headed by Mr. Shuster, before the First World War. In all these instances, Persia requested American assistance to reorganize her rotten administration because she could not trust either Russia or Great Britain fully. Russia's intention was, and still is, to

seek through Persia an outlet to an ice-free port while Great Britain protects in the same area the lines of communication between her Indian Empire and the Mediterranean Sea. England and Russia had divided the unfortunate country in a northern sphere of interest which was dominated by Russia—the Russia of the Tzars first, the Russia of the Soviets afterwards—and in a Southern sphere of interest which was dominated by Great Britain. If England had extended her influence to the shores of the Caspian Sea, she would have threatened the Russian oilfields; if Russia had penetrated to the Persian gulf, she would have not only occupied the huge, British-owned oilfields of Abadan in Southwestern Persia, but she also would have outflanked both India and Iraq; the Iraqi oilfields would have become as untenable as the Iranian ones and England's carefully built-up position in the Arab world would have tumbled down. In comparison, the United States of America, while economically interested, seemed politically safe.

This circumstance did not, however, prevent Mr. Millspaugh's Mission from being exposed to innumerable hostilities and hidden intrigues. While Great Britain remained neutral, Russia proved antagonistic and the vileness and weakness of the Persian upper class made it impossible to find reliable friends in the country. To make the situation worse, official Washington, which is to say the State Department, had no conception of what a genuinely American Middle Eastern policy should be, was wavering and even outright inactive, to the point of not replying to Mr. Millspaugh's communications, and hence failed to back up the Mission as an instrument of peace and reconstruction in the Middle East. What Mr. Millspaugh has to say on this point reminds one of Bartley Crum's repeated charge that the "middle level of the State Department" is engaged in counteracting the official foreign policy of the United States in the Middle East and this should not be overlooked by the officials of the Jewish agency.

In addition, Mr. Millspaugh's report, although unemotionally told, is an im-

portant document which deserves careful-reading by all those who are concerned about the issues of war and peace in our time. One may, or may not, agree with the conclusions which Mr. Millspaugh draws from his experience for our future relations with Russia, but it is quite clear that the method hitherto employed by our official spokesmen, namely to allow things to drift while making a big show of vocal opposition, is not at all conducive to peace. It should be obvious that war or peace in the decade before us will be decided as much in the Middle East as in China and in Central Europe. The Iranian situation, together with the one in Germany and in China, provides the supreme test-case as to whether international cooperation among the great powers is at all possible. Among these, the Iranian situation is probably the one which is least understood. This applies particularly to American Jews who will have to realize that Palestine's fate, among other things, will be largely decided in Teheran. If attentively read, Mr. Millspaugh's book could be an eye-opener to many of us and thus serve a very useful purpose.

WERNER J. CAHNMAN

Leo Tolstoy, by Ernest J. Simmons. Atlantic, Little Brown. 790 pp. \$5.00

There is a unique choice before the reviewer of this life record of one of the world's greatest figures; he may dwell upon Tolstoy the novelist, or moralist, historian, educator, pamphleteer, Gospels interpreter, reformed aristocrat, and more; the chronicles of Tolstoy's domestic life make a most gripping narrative; Tolstoy's challenging theory of art is authoritatively indispensable in any consideration of this subject. His advocacy of non-resistance to violence has largely inspired, according to Mahatma Gandhi, the application of that theory in India. He was in active touch with Henry George and a warm exponent of the American's ideas about land reforms and the single tax. An aristocrat with an ancestral lineage the roots of which were planted before the Romanoff dynasty was founded, Tolstoy hated the despotic Czarist rule of his days

and it is in large measure his scorn of the enslavers of Russia that inspired the early revolutionists to wage battle for freedom.

Tolstoy claimed no new panaceas for the salvation of mankind and he pointed to no shortcut that would make men better human beings save the path to self-perfection by following the philosophy set forth in the Gospels. He was a Christian who despised institutionalized religion and he regarded empty ritualism and lip service to God a sham and a detriment to his countrymen; this eventually led to his excommunication by the Russian church.

He was an officer in the Russian army and saw active service in the Caucasian and Sevastopol wars; an educator who made two trips to Europe to learn ways and systems to teach children; during the great famines that gripped his land he spent years in the stricken regions helping to alleviate the suffering of the peasants. Long before serfdom was abolished in Russia this titled landowner advocated the surrender of land to the tillers of the soil.

He constantly attacked the government for its ruthlessness in suppressing the people's will to freedom. Throughout his life he was compelled to send most of his tirades against the Czarist regime to England or France wherefrom his word, would, clandestinely, find its way to his native land. Tolstoy was the preacher of non-violence who condemned terrorism as a weapon to force a cruel tyrant to grant a bill of rights to his people but he, nevertheless, defended the protagonists of a revolution in Russia. He was indefatigably an evangelist who claimed that the regeneration of man will come not from a changed economic system but from within, from the perfection of the soul and service to humanity. Himself unostentatious in the extreme, Tolstoy abhorred publicity and seldom appeared in public. His dress was that of the common peasant on his estate; he gave up smoking, became a vegetarian and employed no menial help to minister to his personal needs. At seventy he played tennis, daily.

Posterity will of course revere Tolstoy as the prose master, the author of the colossal *War and Peace*, *Anna Karenina*,

and *Resurrection*. That, and his inimitable *Childhood*, *Youth*, *The Sevastopol Stories*, the *Cossacks*, and the priceless gems that are his short stories. So dazzlingly overwhelming is Tolstoy's fame based on his novels that his brilliant expositions upon man's behavior and the purposes of life seem as if but a by-product of his great literary fame. That Tolstoy did not so regard this aspect of his creative labors may be gathered from the fact that, often, more than a decade elapsed before he would write fiction. He devoted the long intervals to the propounding of a philosophy or the advancement of tenets which sought to clarify man's position in society and to explanations of the meaning of life.

Mr. Simmons panorama of the writer's achievements is vast and generously drawn. Tolstoy is depicted, so to speak, from cradle to grave. There is a detailed reporting of the novelist's daily life, his pithy judgments of people, events, books, social and economic problems and to Tolstoy's realistic approach to controversial questions of his day.

Tolstoy kept an uninterrupted diary to his dying day. It is a repository of his innermost thoughts and a story of self-castigation for his non-feasance or malfeasance in meeting conflicting problems. These diaries, luckily, preserved in their entirety are a priceless guide to a study of the man's stature and his attitudes to all that touched his keen perceptiveness and intellect.

The last twenty years of Tolstoy's existence were on the whole most unhappy; of his several children (Tolstoy had thirteen offspring, of whom eight were alive at the time of his death) but two daughters shared their illustrious parent's views on life. Others seem to have been the average children of a contemporary Russian land proprietor with the narrow prejudices of their class and wholly impervious to the teachings of their great father. Especially depressing is the story that emerges of Tolstoy's relations with his wife, a difficult woman who, in the main, saw her husband as but a means for exploitation to maintain herself and her family in a station becoming a "noble" Russian family. She had done much to

hinder his opportunities to do creative work. Tolstoy's escape at the age of 82 from Yasnaya Poliana, his home and the home of his ancestors, was a dash for freedom by a desperate man from the clutches of an environment that was undermining his health and peace of mind. So repellant, it was thought, was the sight of his wife to him that in his dying hours his doctors refused her permission to remain at his bedside for fear that another meeting be-

tween the two would hasten the end of the great master.

Dr. Simmons' is a most interesting and magnificently documented biography. It has left me—and I hope it will thus affect other readers—eagerly anxious to re-read the work of a man whose immense contributions to culture are the proud and permanent heritage of all literate humanity.

BENJAMIN WEINTROUB

"The truth is that the Jews were the only people who, from the very beginning, knew God, the Creator of the heavens and the earth: the only people, consequently, that could be the custodian of the divine secrets, and it preserved them in a religion that is without equal. The books which the Egyptians and the other nations call divine, have long since been lost, and there scarcely remains a hazy memory of them in ancient histories. The sacred books of the Romans, in which Numa, the author of their religion, wrote down the mysteries, perished at the hands of the Romans themselves. The Senate had them burned, believing that they might overturn religion. These same Romans destroyed finally the Sibylline books, long revered among them as prophetic. They had wished the people to believe that these books contained the degrees of the immortal gods concerning their Empire, but they never perhaps showed in public, I do not say a single volume, but a single oracle. The Jews were the only ones whose sacred Scriptures were held in ever greater veneration as they became better known"—Jacque Benigne Bossuet, Discourse sur l'Histoire Universelle, 1681.

